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## THE STORY OF OUR CONDUCT AS NEUTRALS.

THE long memorandum just published by Lord RUSSELL, giving in full detail the history of the action of the English Government on the different occasions when it was invited by the Federals to do its duty as a neutral in frustrating illegal schemes for aiding the Confederates from British territory, produces an impression which we hope, and even expect, will be favourable in America, and which cannot fail to be favourable here. Lord RUSSELL shows that, from the very commencement to the close of the American war, cases were constantly arising in which Mr. ADAMS called on the English Government to act; that his demands were carefully considered, and, if declined, were declined because the law officers declared that no illegality, or reasonable suspicion of illegality, was made out. Most of the ships the issue of which Mr. ADAMS asked our Government to forbid turned out, as a matter of fact, to be mere blockade-runners, and consequently had no character, in the eyes of our law, that was not perfectly legal. Of nineteen vessels as to which Mr. ADAMS lodged complaints, only five subsequently hoisted the Confederate ensign. In three instances out of the five, information was not received of the nature and destination of the ships in time for HER MAJESTY'S Government to take any measures of prevention; in one instance, the vessel was equipped and armed in a Confederate port; and the fifth ship, the notorious *Alabama*, succeeded in what Lord RUSSELL terms "baffling the vigilance of the 'authorities'" at the very moment of her intended seizure. Practically, the issue between England and America is now narrowed to the one case of the *Alabama*. But, in order that the conduct of England with regard to the *Alabama* may be judged fairly, we are entitled to ask that the whole of our conduct as neutrals in the war shall be taken into consideration. If a neutral has in ninety-nine cases anxiously, faithfully, and zealously discharged all such duties as a belligerent can properly ask the neutral to discharge, this general course of conduct raises a strong presumption in its favour in the hundredth case where it is doubtful whether due diligence was used. Impartial Englishmen must own that, if our Government had acted as promptly and taken the same legal risk in the case of the *Alabama* as it did on some later occasions, the *Alabama* would never have got to sea. But the mode in which the Government should discharge its duties had not been determined at the date of the escape of the *Alabama*. The case was the first of its sort, and the Government acted with a hesitation which was natural, and even right, where the evidence adduced was barely sufficient to make it probable that the law was on the side of the Government. The American Government, in the Portuguese case, had expressly laid down the rule that the neutral Government was not bound to act against a suspected ship, unless the belligerent furnished the neutral with such evidence against her as would suffice to condemn her in the courts of the neutral. If this was to be the test, the English Government cannot be said to have been negligent, for, after the evidence is adduced, it must be referred to the law officers, and it is impossible to say within twenty-four hours how long law officers ought to take in forming their opinion. The case of the *Alabama*, however, itself showed that this test of the proper conduct of a neutral was not adequate. If the English Government had decided in all cases to wait until evidence fully sufficient to insure a conviction was obtained, a hundred *Alabamas* might have got away from British ports. A new theory of the duty of the neutral was therefore adopted, and the English Government determined, when some evidence against a ship was adduced, not to wait till this evidence was legally complete, but to detain the ship while fresh evidence was being collected. This proved practically efficacious, and the Americans ought to acknowledge that the adoption of this new rule implied an unquestionable desire on the part of

England to do her duty as a neutral to the utmost. And this desire is also established in the most conclusive way by the history which Lord RUSSELL gives of the many different steps taken against the too active friends of the Confederates, such as the prosecutions of persons enlisting for the Confederate service, the order that ships of war should not be dismantled and sold in British ports, and the prohibition of the sale of Captain OSBORNE's China fleet lest it should by some indirect means fall into Confederate hands.

As against the Americans, the Portuguese case, with which a kind fortune has armed Lord RUSSELL, seems to be absolutely complete. We have done a very great deal more for them than they own they were bound to do for the Portuguese; and Lord RUSSELL is literally right in saying that in that case the American Government set up on its own behalf the theory to which Mr. ADAMS so greatly objects, that "a neutral Power 'is the sole judge of the degree in which it has done its duty' under a code of its own making." But, putting aside the *tu quoque*, Mr. ADAMS was surely quite right in saying that this theory would virtually release neutral Powers from having any duties whatever with regard to the issue of belligerent cruisers. England cannot afford to allow this theory to be set up, or every tiny neutral Power which suffers cruisers to issue for the destruction of our merchantmen will say that, in its own opinion, it has been diligent enough in trying to prevent their escape. Lord RUSSELL practically acted on a very different theory, and all his elaborate arguments to show Mr. ADAMS that we were very diligent are inconsistent with the position that we alone are the judges whether we were diligent or not. It would have been better if Lord RUSSELL had not been quite so much absorbed in the delight of pushing home his triumphant *tu quoque*, and had disavowed the theory on which the American Government had relied when snubbing the unfortunate Portuguese. The future must be looked to as well as the past, and when we have got rid of the case of the *Alabama*—as we may hope to do when the Americans have learnt how exactly the course taken by their own Government is in point against them, and in how many different ways we showed our desire to be zealous in the discharge of our duty—then the two nations can calmly consult together as to the best mode of preventing the issue of cruisers from neutral ports in case of another great war. If the Americans will but teach us how to do this effectively, we have every motive to adopt with the utmost eagerness all that they may suggest. Unfortunately, the more the subject is discussed the greater are the difficulties with which it is seen to be encompassed. Lord RUSSELL proposes that an inquiry shall be made whether more stringent measures of prevention may not be enacted by the Legislatures of the two countries. We wish that there was any fair prospect of these measures doing any real good. The existing American law differs slightly from ours, for it enables their Government to exact bonds from the owners of armed vessels going out of American ports not to take part in hostilities against nations with which the United States are at peace. But this, as Lord RUSSELL shows, is utterly inefficacious. Not one single armed ship issued out of any British port during the whole American civil war; and a bond, even if forfeited, only adds to the cost of the ship. It is true that new statutes might legalize the mode of action which the British Government has practically adopted, and might declare that when the evidence adduced against a ship is considered by certain officials to be sufficient to warrant further inquiries, the ship may be detained while these inquiries are being made. But there would be considerable practical difficulty in wording such an enactment so as not to give the Government too much arbitrary power, and in any case it would only carry us to the very point which we have practically reached. We have already done as much as that for the

Americans, and we hope they will do as much for us if we ever have occasion to ask them. But the real difficulty would not be touched by any such enactment. It might contribute to prevent the issue of such vessels as the *Alabama*, but it would do nothing to prevent the issue of such vessels as the *Shenandoah*, and the *Shenandoah* is the type of the vessels that in a future war will do the real harm to British trade. It is quite impossible to detain such vessels, for they do not differ from ordinary merchantmen. As Lord RUSSELL remarks, no vessels were found such useful additions to the blockading squadrons of the Federals as the blockade-runners which they happened to capture. The art of navigation is now so perfect that an ordinary fast merchantman can start from the port of London, and another ordinary merchantman, having on board a cargo of guns, can start from the port of Liverpool, and they can be almost perfectly sure of meeting at a given spot in the middle of the Atlantic. No Government can possibly prevent this, and yet directly the guns from the one ship are transferred on to the other, and one of the passengers takes out of his pocket a commission from a belligerent Government, the fast merchantman is converted into a cruiser capable of inflicting such injuries on trade as the *Shenandoah* inflicted. No municipal statutes can prevent this, or even tend to prevent it, unless indeed by threatening those who take part in the scheme with very severe punishments. But although this is the only direction in which it seems possible that municipal law should be made more efficacious, yet it must be remembered that it would be exceedingly difficult to get evidence against the offenders; and in the parallel case of enlisting soldiers for the service of a belligerent, the prosecutions which the English Government conducted successfully show how very light is the punishment inflicted. A fine of fifty pounds may be taken as a fair instance of the sort of punishment that was thought heavy enough. We should like to punish the equipment of cruisers far more heavily than the enlistment of soldiers; not because the one has any greater stain of moral guilt than the other, not because the one is more or less a violation of neutrality than the other, but simply because it happens that England is not in the least afraid of foreign nations enlisting soldiers to serve against her, or at least regards this as a remote danger, but is terribly afraid of the issue of cruisers which might cut up her commerce. This accidental political reason, however, is a questionable reason for making a very great disparity between the punishment of two crimes which in themselves stand on exactly the same footing. And unless the punishment for aiding in the creation of belligerent cruisers is made very severe, prosecutions for such a crime would be utterly inoperative. The fear of undergoing a year's imprisonment might have deterred Mr. LAIRD from having anything to do with the rams, but he would scarcely have condescended to smile at the vain threat of fining him fifty pounds.

We apprehend, therefore, that although such an inquiry as Lord RUSSELL proposes is very desirable, yet it would not end in any enactments being added to the municipal codes of England and the United States which would give any real ground of confidence for the future. The discussion, however, would in any event do good, and so would the further discussion, which would be sure to grow out of it, as to the possibility of the chief maritime Powers agreeing that neutrals should accept new powers or discharge new duties with regard to belligerent cruisers. This leads us into a wide field which we are not at present called on to enter; but we regret to observe that those who are most hopeful of success in this direction do not seem fully alive to the very great dangers which are sure to attend any extension of the powers and duties of neutrals that would not be practically unimportant.

#### SIR MORTON PETO ON AMERICA.

SIR MORTON PETO, having lately had occasion to make a speech among his constituents at Bristol, judiciously passed from the commonplace topics of Lord PALMERSTON and Reform to an account of his recent experiences and impressions in the United States. As he candidly stated, he had visited America with no especially patriotic object, but for the highly legitimate purpose of looking after his own affairs as a railway contractor. Incidentally, he may perhaps have done service to his country by providing a number of newspaper correspondents and public speakers with an opportunity of showing courtesy to England, or at least to certain English visitors. The English capitalists, as they were called by the reporters, having come to inquire into traffic receipts and railway prospects, remained to attend innumerable receptions and dinners, and to exchange complimentary professions with

their friendly entertainers. Whatever may be the excellences or defects of Americans, they are undoubtedly the most hospitable people on earth; and Sir MORTON PETO must have been a morose capitalist if he had not returned in perfectly good humour, with a serene conviction that all things, including the *Alabama* correspondence and the Fenian conspiracy, will turn out for the best. For himself, he informs his Bristol supporters that during his stay in America he consistently vindicated the good faith and sincere neutrality of the English Government and nation. In return, he was assured that the people of the United States had had enough of war, and that they desired to live on the most friendly terms with Sir MORTON PETO's countrymen. In the enthusiasm of festive celebrations, "the distinguished visitors" perhaps failed to observe that professions of good will were generally made conditional on the payment of the *Alabama* claims, and that popular approval was carefully confined to "men like Mr. BRIGHT and Sir "MORTON PETO," who, with all their merits, can scarcely be regarded as representatives of the English nation. It may be true that no member of Congress is a party to the Fenian plot, and that, according to the enthusiastic testimony of the Bristol optimist, Mr. JOHNSON himself is "one of nature's "gentlemen." The conduct of the PRESIDENT since his accession to his high office has, for the most part, commanded respect and confidence, but American comity is strangely illustrated by Mr. JOHNSON's favourable reception of a deputation from the Fenian Congress or Committee. The liberation of the prisoner MITCHELL concerns Americans only, but it might have been prudent not to release him as a compliment to the seditious rabble who clamoured with vociferous unanimity for the restoration to society of a BARABBAS of their own. An Irish rebel who has broken his parole will probably take care not to risk, by a visit to Ireland, the enforcement of his original sentence. To Englishmen his release is a matter of perfect indifference, except that it is granted with an express understanding that the liberated prisoner is about to engage in fresh attempts at treason. The transaction, however, has probably little importance in itself, and Sir MORTON PETO may be excused if he omitted to introduce into his picture objects which would not have admitted of the prevailing rose-coloured tint.

It was almost impossible to exaggerate the material prosperity of the United States, or to overrate the practical energy which has been displayed both in war and peace. Sir MORTON PETO relates, with professional sympathy, how the armies were supplied, over 2,500 miles of railway, by the agency of 70,000 persons in the employ of the Government, and with the aid of an immense rolling-stock. The liberality of private persons was as conspicuous as the vigour of the Government, for in four days the three principal cities in the North contributed nearly 100,000l. for the single purpose of supplying the army in front of Petersburg with religious ministrations. All the machinery of war was provided on a gigantic scale, and foreigners have found with astonishment that, on the return of peace, the Federal armies numbered 1,200,000 men. It is odd that the American Government should have neglected to publish statistics which would have satisfied the most sceptical opponent that the defeat of the Confederates was inevitable. When temporary animosities have subsided, the American nation will boast, not only of the strength and energy of the North, but of the unparalleled fortitude and surprising exertions of the South. As Sir MORTON PETO truly states, the decisive result of the war has produced a genuine revival of the Union. The defeated combatants are not ashamed to acknowledge that they have yielded to superior force, and henceforth their ambition can be gratified only by sharing in the triumphs of the restored Federation. The confidence of Americans in the unlimited resources of their country is not in itself a security for the adoption of a temperate and pacific policy; but war has as often resulted from irritation and disappointment as from the insolence of conscious strength. The encouragement which the French Government afforded, ninety years ago, to the American rebellion was the direct consequence of the English triumphs in the Seven Years' War, and of the peace which was dictated by the victors in 1763. The recent mitigation of the popular jealousy of England which had previously been entertained in France may be traced to the national complacency which has been revived by the successful campaigns of the Second Empire against Russia and Austria.

Another proof of the greatness of American resources which excites Sir MORTON PETO's admiration is the facility with which a million of discharged soldiers have been re-absorbed in the general population. The result of the experiment was accurately foretold by many political prophets who



were less happy in their anticipations of military events. The American soldiers were highly paid, but the wages of labour are far higher, and the rate had been constantly rising during the whole progress of the war. It is generally believed that the life of a soldier is peculiarly attractive, and that men who have long been accustomed to camps become disqualified for civil pursuits; but the tradition is probably founded on European experience of circumstances which have not affected the American army. The English or Continental soldier of former times had generally been enlisted for a long term of service, and if he was discharged in later life he was thrown back into the middle of a community where there was no vacant place to receive him. An indolent veteran would seldom be inclined to become a day labourer on wages barely sufficient for his support. If he was inured to hardships, he was also accustomed to occasional snatches of luxury, to excitement, and to plunder, and he might naturally dislike the monotony of ill-paid and uniform work. The 800,000 men whom General GRANT has lately mustered out of the service of the United States had, with few exceptions, been ordinary civilians only two years ago. It is found in France that conscripts who return home after a service of five or seven years, at the age of four or five-and-twenty, form one of the most industrious and useful portions of the population. It is not surprising that in the midst of greater prosperity, and in a country where labour is one of the most valuable of commodities, American soldiers are ready, after one or two campaigns, to resume the pursuits of ordinary life. It was wholly unnecessary to provide pensions for volunteers who are, without a single exception, capable of earning an ample maintenance for themselves. Americans have now, for the first time, an interesting history, and they have satisfied the world that they are entitled to boast of moral greatness as well as of physical magnitude. Even before the war, detractors and critics willingly admitted that they had land in abundance, and that wages and profits were high. The bearing of rapid growth on the faculty of assimilation has been illustrated by the successful disbandment of the army, but it is not the subject of recent discovery.

SIR MORTON PETO's evidence on the progress and prospects of the liberated slaves is perhaps influenced by his general confidence in American prosperity. He quotes instances of arrangements between the planters and the negro labourers which are exceptional, and probably temporary. The PRESIDENT himself appeared lately to be less hopeful of a successful amalgamation, as he dwelt, in his address to a coloured regiment, on the possible alternative of an emigration of the inferior race. Sir MORTON PETO describes the Freedmen's Commission or Bureau as a permanent institution, although the organization has been already disused in some States, while it is in itself professedly provisional. He has no fear for the South, because it is not handed over to the care of overseers and middlemen, as was the case in Jamaica. The owners are themselves brought into contact with their own workmen, and their interest, therefore, bids them treat the workmen "fairly." It was natural that a sanguine commentator on America, and especially that an eminent member of the sect of Baptists, should endeavour to distinguish the disastrous precedent of Jamaica from the corresponding case in the Southern States of America. Yet it is by no means clear that all difficulties will be solved by bringing the ex-slaveholder into direct contact with the freedmen. Sir MORTON PETO can scarcely believe that the decay of industry in Jamaica is exclusively owing to the misconduct of overseers. It was their interest and that of their employers to obtain labour on fair terms, but unluckily they found it impossible to come in contact with workmen, or with negroes who were inclined to work. The labourers of Jamaica are perhaps not to blame for their idleness; but similar consequences will ensue in the Southern States, unless some power of direct or indirect coercion is reserved by the dominant part of the community. On the whole, perhaps it was well that Sir MORTON PETO's account of America should be exclusively eulogistical, and it may be hoped that a shadowless portrait will be acceptable to his friends in the United States.

#### M. DUPIN.

AS we read the long story of M. DUPIN's life we seem to be carried over the whole field of the history of modern France. It was sixty-three years ago that M. DUPIN began his professional career, and during almost the whole of that period he has been connected more or less intimately with the changing fortunes of his country. While quite a

young man, he wrote a work on jurisprudence which offended the FIRST CONSUL. A few days ago, in the height—or, as the prophets of evil would say, in the decline—of the Second Empire, there lived at Paris a man who had moved the anger and excited the suspicions of the first NAPOLEON before the Empire of the NAPOLEONS began. During the whole of the long space of time that has since elapsed M. DUPIN has had some kind of notoriety, and on the whole his notoriety has been far more for good than for evil. He showed great firmness and boldness in withstanding the last desperate efforts by which NAPOLEON and his immediate gathering strove to repair the tottering fortunes of the Empire. He was a powerful supporter of the BOURBON Restoration, but as soon as the Restoration began to show signs of becoming nothing more than a means for the gratification of the stupid spite, the foolish old-world chimeras, and the senile arrogance of the emigrants, DUPIN was one of the warmest combatants of the follies and faults of the elder branch of the BOURBONS. Whoever turned the keen edge of French wit against the blundering advisers of the Court found in DUPIN a ready protector. His incisive logic, his torrents of contemptuous invective, his vast knowledge of the forms, and his comprehensive grasp of the principles, of jurisprudence, were at the service of those who soared up to or beyond the limits of legality in their attacks on the Government. He was the zealous, the popular, and the brilliant advocate of all those adherents of the fallen dynasty of the NAPOLEONS on whom the Government chose to pour the vials of its ungenerous wrath. All through the reign of CHARLES X. he retained his character of a popular leader; and although, with the prudence that was habitual to him, he took no overt steps in the resistance to the Ordinances of July, yet he encouraged others to resist by the confidence and distinctness with which he pronounced those Ordinances illegal. With the success of the July Revolution there came a great change in his position. Hitherto he had been in opposition; his business had been to attack those in authority, to magnify their failings and the virtues of their adversaries, to try to weaken as much as possible the arm of the law. But the Government of July was a Government with which he was identified. It represented the cause for which he had striven, it was headed by a King whose intimate private adviser he had been for years. He had now to defend, not to attack; to aid the prosecution of malcontents, not to declaim against the Government. He did his duty thoroughly, zealously, and fearlessly. Not, however, that he was a passive supporter of any one of the numerous Ministries that succeeded each other in such rapid succession during the many years of LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign. As a general rule, he was strongly on the side of peace, and had an intensity in his conception of the horrors and sufferings of war which was strange to a younger generation that had not witnessed, as he had, the frightful sufferings to which France had been exposed during the exhausting wars of NAPOLEON. He had, in fact, a singular art of so far accepting Government after Government as to retain his high legal position in the Court of Cassation through changing Ministries, and shifting dynasties, and to be always considered within reach of higher office if he chose to take it; and yet he managed to retain a certain independence, and to avoid sinking into the ignominy of an avowed and recognised time-server. Even after the fall of the ORLEANS dynasty he continued his political life without a break. He was a member both of the Constituent and of the Legislative Assemblies, and of the latter he was President; and even after the *coup d'état* he offered no opposition, by protest or otherwise, and continued to discharge his official duties with that calm indifference which is generated in the mind of a man who has outlived half a century of constant political changes.

Subsequently, however, he took a step which, in the late evening of his life, exposed him to much animadversion. When the decree for the confiscation of the ORLEANS property was promulgated, he considered this measure so highly illegal and inexpedient that he resigned his place in the Court of Cassation. But, five years afterwards, he consented not only to resume it, but to become a Senator. Of course, it was a bitter disappointment to many of the foes of the Imperial party to see one of their especial set—a close friend of the ORLEANS family, a warm supporter, through many vicissitudes, of liberty and freedom of speech—take part, after having once solemnly protested against it, in the new Government, and give the countenance of his name and his high reputation to a political system which, however much it might rest theoretically on a wide acceptance of popular rights, had yet begun in violence, and was upheld at the cost of suppressing the whole intellectual activity of France. But M. DUPIN cannot be considered

by those who understand the man, and the times in which he lived, either to have been guilty of any very unpardonable crime, or to have acted inconsistently with his previous career. He had been always careful not to quarrel openly with the Government that, by the will of the nation, for the time being happened to exist. It was his theory of life that a sensible lawyer ought to take, as it comes, life and politics as a part of life; to make the best of it, and to seek in it a sphere of such activity as is possible for him, and congenial to him. Even in the days when he was winning his highest fame, as the defender of those whom the Government of LOUIS XVIII. selected as the victims of its special hostility, he had been offered the post of Under-Secretary of State. It is true that he refused the offer, but the fact that the offer was made clearly showed that he had inspired the notion that he was not one of those adversaries of Government who are so honest that they are irreconcilable. That which he saw clearly must be he was inclined to put up with; and if he put up with it, he saw no reason why he should condemn himself to inactivity, and refuse to serve his country, because, if he could have had his own way, he would have preferred something different. Exactly the same thing happened in England two centuries ago, when many of the foremost lawyers of the Long Parliament, and many of the most sturdy opponents of Royal prerogative, so far modified their views as to sit contentedly in Parliaments called together by CHARLES II., and to occupy high judicial stations in the Courts that issued his writs. They had not got what they wanted exactly, but they did not see what would suit the nation better; and they thought that, at any rate, when the wish of the nation had been unmistakably expressed they might conscientiously bow to it. Nor was M. DUPIN serving a Government with which he was altogether at variance. He saw that NAPOLEON III. had, as he said, the national fibre in him. There is something eminently French in the Second Empire; and even though rigid critics may say that the side of France which it presents is not the best, yet any Government is in a measure tolerable, and something more than tolerable, which beats with the pulse of the life of the nation, and represents in a conspicuous degree its wishes and its aspirations.

Such a career as that of the great French lawyer over whom the grave has closed can be led in very few countries, and not perhaps at many periods of the national history even in those countries where it is possible. The political lawyer of the highest class is a rarity, for that he should flourish a combination is needed of elements that are not easily procured. In the first place, he must live in a country where a great respect is paid to law, and where society is so far advanced that law occupies a large place in the affairs of men. In the next place, there must be stirring political events going on in his time, or otherwise he will be apt to be absorbed in his profession, and will not be carried into the wider area of political contest by the irresistible force of events; and the nature of the political contest must be such that a lawyer can shine in it. It is only when the question is whether the Government is acting legally or illegally, when prosecutions are instituted, and there is a chance that an able and passionate defence will be more or less successful, when political changes have to receive a legal character, and the fluctuations of the prevailing thoughts of society are confined within limits where a knowledge of law serves as a guide, that a great lawyer can be a great politician. There are only two countries in the world, or at the most three, where in our days the career of the political lawyer has been possible. Lord BROUGHAM still survives, and a few days ago M. DUPIN still survived, to show that this is possible, or has been possible, in England and France. It is doubtful whether the United States ought to be added, for there the great lawyers, although they may take some part in politics, have still mainly adhered to their profession; or else they have entirely thrown themselves into politics, finding everything open to them, because there was not, as in France and England, an hereditary class above them. Even in France, as in England, there are at present no political lawyers. No one under the Second Empire can win any political eminence; and, whatever may be the reason, there is no one in England at the present time who is at once eminent as a lawyer and as a politician. Sir HUGH CAIRNS in a dim and distant way approaches the type perhaps more nearly than any of his contemporaries, although he, like the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, is more of a skilful debater on political topics than a political leader. That political lawyers of the highest eminence will again flourish in England and France is exceedingly probable, for the materials out of which they are formed exist in both countries, and the occasions that would call them into prominence might easily arise. But as the type is a rare one,

and as it has great excellence in its way—greater excellence perhaps than those who judge of politics by the measure of quiet times would allow—we cannot permit any man famous in this path of life to pass away without a tribute of recognition and respect.

#### SIR CHARLES WOOD TO THE LORDS.

IN the present political emergency, some of the veterans of the Cabinet cannot do better than call to mind a precedent of admirable patriotism, on the part of certain Persian notables, which stands recorded in the veracious pages of HERODOTUS. During the famous retreat from Greece, the Persian monarch's ship was assailed off the Thracian coast by a tornado. All hope seemed lost, when, at a suggestion from the pilot, the Persian noblemen on board volunteered to jump overboard in a body, in order to lighten the deck. XERXES did not feel it consistent with his duty to decline so well-principled a proposal. The spirited leap was taken, the vessel swam lighter for the sacrifice, and the precious freight was saved.

Judging from the devoted and disinterested character which the great ruling families of this country have always borne, we cannot doubt but that all the old hands on board the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Ministry are at present clamouring to be allowed to take a plunge, and to go overboard for the good of their beloved country. If the new Cabinet is to be long-lived, it can only be through the infusion into it of new blood. Half-measures will scarcely be sufficient. The name and prestige of Lord PALMERSTON survived his physical powers of administration, and preserved from disaster, during the last two Sessions, a Cabinet which in debating power was seldom equal to the occasion; but a Palmerstonian Government without PALMERSTON will satisfy neither the Liberal party nor the Opposition, nor the country at large. It is by no means essential to the welfare of the British Empire that the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE or any other Cabinet should remain for ever in office. But it is decidedly for the interest of England that the best possible Liberal combination should at once unhesitatingly be tried, in order that, if it fail, the public may gain from the failure some elements of experience for the future. Unless considerable changes are freely made in the *personnel* of the Treasury Benches, we do not see how it can be said that the Liberal party will have tried anything approaching to its best possible combination. Under these circumstances, it is not discourteous to assume that the necessity for self-sacrifice has commended itself to Lord PALMERSTON's old colleagues, and that they are all vying with each other in noble proposals which do credit to themselves, outshine the feat of the Persian notables, and bring tears into the eyes of their Parliamentary chief.

If the *Times* is to be believed, the Duke of SOMERSET was the first to set the example of generous devotion, and to rush boldly to the water's brink. His colleagues and the *Times* appear to have been so overwhelmed by the thought of his magnanimity that, obeying a common impulse, they both held him back firmly by the tails. Nor, if there is to be a choice, does it seem obvious that the Duke of SOMERSET is the pre-appointed victim. The Admiralty is a sad place for patriots, and its atmosphere is anything but bracing; but the Duke of SOMERSET, upon the whole, has managed to conduct himself with as much vigour and independence as can be expected from any ordinary First Lord. Having duly worshipped and applauded the Duke of SOMERSET, the *Times* next attempted to push Lord DE GREY into the water, while he was not looking. This dreadful onset was doubtless unexpected, and was received—as all such unprincipled and revolutionary attacks must be—with a thrill of horror at the Horse Guards. Lord DE GREY's claims upon the War Office have never been closely scrutinized, nor have they, on the other hand, been vociferously denied. His knowledge of the business of his department might, indeed, have been adequately rewarded by a less conspicuous position; and it is believed that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and the Duke's intimate friends require over them a stronger hand than belongs perhaps to Lord DE GREY. In any general massacre of the Palmerstonian Innocents the present innocuous War Minister would probably disappear, but he would at least leave behind him a reputation for courtesy, honour, and an unremitting application to the duties of his office. Since its attack upon Lord DE GREY, our contemporary has ceased to hunt for JONAHs on board the Ministerial bark. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether it has ever hunted in the right direction. Among the crowd of willing victims who, it may be taken, are all anxious to be cast upon the waves, selection becomes a delicate if not a difficult task; and it always seems ungracious to suggest retirement in the case of any old and



tried servant of the public. But there are times when a splendid ingratitude becomes an act of patriotic virtue. The Conservative party itself is generally supposed to have entertained visions of some such magnificent treachery towards Mr. DISRAELI; and neither Sir CHARLES WOOD, nor even Sir GEORGE GREY, has done as much for HER MAJESTY'S Ministers as Mr. DISRAELI for HER MAJESTY'S Opposition. It is when pieces of ingratitude like this are being mooted that we all feel inclined to join in thanking God that there is a House of Lords. Should Mr. BRIGHT ever succeed in putting down that branch of the British Constitution, he will come to feel the want of it when he is summoned by the voice of Salisbury Plain to be Prime Minister. Since Mr. PITT struck out the idea of making peerages do the work of all his abolished political sinecures, the House of Lords has been to the House of Commons a sort of blessed Elysian fields—a purpureal region in which it is understood that the shades of extinct House of Commons heroes live and are happy. Under the presidency of some departed Chancery Minos, Greeks and Trojans move about in those calm abodes either in generous friendship or at least in gentlemanly enmity, and converse thinly and in disembodied whispers across a deserted floor. It surely is not ungrateful to wish to see others added to that serene retreat, where the PREMIER himself, with much magnanimity, has gone before. The boat that has ferried across not only Lord RUSSELL, but minor ghosts, such as Lord LLANOVER and Lord LYVEDEN, appears to be stopping the way again, and silently asking for more Whig passengers. We do not know what Sir GEORGE GREY feels, but we can imagine that “brother spirits” seem almost urging on Sir CHARLES WOOD to “come away.” The murderers of the United Kingdom would sadly miss Sir GEORGE, but who is there that would regret Sir CHARLES WOOD? The loss of his Halifax seat is, at all events, an omen. It is both natural and laudable that he should still hold on to the lower existence of the House of Commons, for the sake of India. Accepting a coronet would, in his eyes, be equivalent to trifling with the fate of half a hemisphere. It must, on the other hand, be recollected that Providence, when one great man is taken, provides another in his place. Sir CHARLES WOOD has long succeeded to the honours, if not to the reputation, of Mr. VERNON SMITH; and India, which has survived the political decease of the latter, might in time learn to acquiesce in the apotheosis of Sir CHARLES. As far as debating power goes, the Treasury Benches, of course, would miss something, and it is easy to calculate what they would miss. They would lose one annual speech upon India, which would be effective and interesting if Heaven had not conferred on Sir CHARLES an almost superhuman capacity for being inaudible, and if it were not apparently the inscrutable will of destiny that on each annual return of his one speech-day he should be afflicted with an annual cold in the head. The House of Lords is the very place for a statesman who is beset with this mysterious dispensation. It is thoroughly well-aired, and no one minds whether a speaker is audible or not. Perhaps it is even more graceful and more becoming to be inaudible. Even Mr. GRANT DUFF will not be unfeeling enough to object to Sir CHARLES'S indistinctness in debate, if Sir CHARLES has once migrated to join the glorious company of glorified Whig Peers.

While Lord LYVEDEN and Lord LLANOVER are occupied in pouring out nectar for the new comer, Lord RUSSELL will be able to dispose of any posts which may be thus vacated, with advantage to the public service and to his own Ministry. More than one seat in the Cabinet might easily be filled from among available and unattached politicians in the House of Commons. Lord STANLEY'S refusal to occupy a place, which he might accept without inconsistency or indecorum, would be understood, though it would be regretted, by the general public. But if Lord RUSSELL has the courage to neglect the traditions of clique, and to take good men where he can find them, he can hardly be at a loss where to turn for able auxiliaries in debate. Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN have, as independent members, pledged themselves to a somewhat Conservative line of action and of thought; and Mr. HORSMAN has once in his life committed the clumsy sin of personal ingratitude to the brother of the Duke of BEDFORD. As subordinates of a Liberal Premier, both might be willing to make their peace with the party which they have offended, if not deserted; and it may not be impossible to frame a many-sided Reform Bill to which the opponents of Mr. BAINES' naked measure might not on principle object. Mr. GOSCHEN'S commercial position as first member for the City, his acknowledged genius in finance, and the aptitude he has shown for Parliamentary debate, raise him above the usual level of young members, and would render him a valuable accession of strength to the new

Ministry. Anything less than a seat in the Cabinet it would probably be idle to offer him, while his nomination to an office of real power would be acceptable both to commercial circles and to the Liberal party. Mr. FORSTER enjoys the advantage, or disadvantage, of being connected with the section of advanced Liberals whom it is scarcely expedient that Lord RUSSELL should altogether neglect. It is, moreover, desirable that the gulf of personal prejudice which the late PREMIER was not unwilling to see between the two Liberal sections should be narrowed, and not widened; and perhaps a more respectable bridge could not be found than in the person of the member for Bradford. Of Mr. STANSFELD'S claims it is needless to speak. Rusticated, so to speak, for a term from office, he has by this time expiated sufficiently the serious but not unpardonable crime of a gross personal indiscretion. These names occur immediately to every one who casts his eyes on the Liberal host; and there are doubtless others. While such men are outside the Cabinet, we are justified in asking who and what manner of men are in it; and whether nothing can be done, by the means of a stray peerage or two, to clear the way. At the present moment it is not so much the Liberal party that is on its trial, as Lord RUSSELL. His failure to construct a powerful Cabinet may or may not be visited upon his party, but it will be certainly visited on his own head. He has an opportunity, and it remains to be seen how he will use it. Mere party considerations will always occupy the first place in the minds of enthusiasts or partisans; but, apart from questions of party, it is obviously desirable that Prime Ministers should be taught to build their Cabinets, whatever the shape and colour, of the best bricks within their reach. So experienced a Cabinet-maker as Lord RUSSELL is perfectly aware that better bricks than some that he has got at present are in the market. If Sir CHARLES WOOD, Sir GEORGE GREY, and others stop the path, all that we can say is, To the House of Lords with the obstructives.

#### CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN VICTORIA.

IN default of more interesting topics, it is worth while from time to time, as Australian mails arrive, to remember the great constitutional struggle which is agitating the colony of Victoria. The Council still refuses to pass the Appropriation Bill with its unconstitutional appendage or *tack*, and the Assembly, with perfect cheerfulness, consents to the prolongation of a crisis from which it will probably emerge in triumph. The House of Lords may regard with reasonable complacency the borrowed solidity of its own imperfect counterpart at the Antipodes. No new community would dream of investing two separate Chambers with equal powers over financial measures, but for the instinctive loyalty with which English colonists copy, to the best of their power, the Imperial model. A House of Peers is not easily established when there is no peerage, but the members of the Council are, on the average, richer than their rivals in the Assembly, and their tenure is more secure. There is an element of weakness in their want of hereditary interest in the maintenance of their existing Constitution, not merely because they command no traditional respect, but because they are deprived of one of the principal securities for prudence and moderation. The worst that can happen to a Council at Melbourne is that, by some political change, the members may be relegated into private life, and the powers of the Council itself clipped or abolished. The House of Lords, notwithstanding its great antiquity and its deep root in the soil, legislates under the contingent fear of graver penalties if it should place itself seriously in collision with national feeling. The obstructive politicians of Victoria ought to consider that, in their attempt to imitate English precedents, they are copying the form rather than the practical working of the Constitution. While the House of Lords has quarrelled with the House of Commons two or three times in as many centuries, the infant Council has declared war against the Assembly before either body has entered on its teens. It has probably kept itself within the four corners of all pieces of parchment which bear on the controversy, but with the Government, the Ministers, the Assembly, and the majority of the people on the other side, the leaders of the Council can entertain no reasonable hope of success. The stoppage of the Appropriation Bill has not even interrupted the distribution of the public funds, although it would seem that the Government, relying on public favour and on obvious expediency, has evaded the constitutional embarrassment by somewhat irregular methods.

The difficulty of understanding colonial politics is increased by the vehement partisanship of the newspaper correspondents

who record local struggles. A community which includes no idlers or dispassionate observers is likely to provide doubtful materials for history. The journalists of Victoria are not deficient in ability, and they luckily take different sides in the quarrel; but the correspondents of the English papers seem always to write in a passion. There is a genuine flavour of locality in the description of the members of the Council as "self-regarding squatters, retired liquor-dealers, successful land-jobbers, grinding money-lenders, and ambitious auctioneers"; but, after all, landowners, capitalists, and persons who have succeeded in trade form the only possible aristocracy or upper class in a new and thriving colony. The members of the Assembly are described by their opponents in still less complimentary terms, and many of them are probably "self-regarding" even where they have not yet been successful. In a recent election for a vacant seat in the Assembly, the Opposition, or supporters of the Council, mustered 1,070 votes against a Government majority of 1,450. The winning party naturally boasts of this victory as decisive, but all the thousand voters on the weaker side can scarcely have been successful land-jobbers, and they have probably something to say for the cause which they have supported. It is impossible to doubt that, in a constitutional struggle, one party must give way; and whatever may have been the merits of the original dispute, the stronger body is almost certain to prevail. Yet it is perfectly possible that the conduct of the Assembly may have been overbearing, and even that the most popular body was at first in the wrong. The Council has applied to the Crown to interfere by its prerogative, but the Colonial Office will gladly refer the contending parties to the terms of their own Constitution. If the fundamental pact contains implicit contradictions, the consequent dead-lock must be removed with the aid of local experience. It is, fortunately, not to be feared that the administrative organization will be resolved into its primitive elements because one paragraph in a written Constitution happens to be incompatible with another.

The Government has temporarily provided for the expense of the public service by an arrangement which is not unnaturally condemned by the Council. When no taxes come into a Treasury, it only remains to borrow, and the question for the lender is whether sufficient security is forthcoming. The Ministers were refused accommodation at several banks, and it is possible, as the advocates of the Assembly suggest, that the bankers may have been influenced by political considerations. In point of form, the Executive Government can have no right to pledge the public credit; but capitalists might perhaps safely rely on the certainty that the Assembly would give a retrospective sanction to any necessary loan. The London Chartered Bank at last "resisted the machinations of its monied brethren," or, in other words, consented to lend money to the Government. With the legal minuteness of form which is always studied when a substantial irregularity is meditated, the Ministers appeared as defendants in a series of fictitious actions, for the purpose of confessing judgment at the suit of the London Bank. In this manner, according to their sympathizing annalist, "The Crown fed the over-drafts from the Government balances, and thus an utter break-up of all the establishments of the colony was averted." Until a stream rises higher than its source, it is difficult to understand how the security of a judgment against the Crown could be more valid than the liability for the original loan. The Ministers had legally no right to borrow the money, and certainly they could not bind the colony by any collusive confession of judgment. The members of the Assembly fail to see that they are furnishing a precedent for the withdrawal of that exclusive control of fiscal matters which is the main issue in the controversy. If the GOVERNOR can raise money to please the Assembly without a previous Act, he may perhaps hereafter raise it to please himself. The colonists may, however, have means of knowing that the risk is not practically considerable; and the public convenience may not unreasonably be preferred to the strict observance of constitutional forms. The sham actions and the confessions of judgment bear an amusing resemblance to the obstinacy with which one of Mr. DICKENS's insolent adventurers always insisted on giving his bill for the sums which he begged from his friends. It must be admitted, however, that the Victorian Bank of London has a better prospect of repayment.

As usual, the collision between the Council and Assembly has a secret or supplementary meaning. The richer class of colonists desires to prevent the Assembly from exercising absolute control over the laws which relate to the possession of land. Some owners of sheep farms hold hundreds of thousands of acres; and, as the population increases, their monopoly excites unavoidable dis-

content. Even in England, the ill-judged accumulation of enormous landed estates constitutes a grave social and political danger. In Australia, although much of the soil is better adapted to pasture than to agriculture, the exclusion of settlers from large tracts of country must necessarily become intolerable. The degree in which the Council and Assembly respectively represent the conflicting interests have not been accurately explained; but the denunciation by the enemies of the Council of successful land-jobbers implies a connection between the constitutional squabble and the more serious question of the law of landed property. Of this dispute, also, the result is inevitable in a country which is governed by the votes of a majority. Those who want land, or who hold small tenements, will always be more numerous than the great squatters or proprietors of grazing land. The present Ministry belongs to the party which passed the existing Land Act, and in consequence of the popularity derived from its antagonism to the Council it has already held office for an unusually long term. The device by which the quarrel about land is conducted, under the disguise of a constitutional struggle of the two Houses, does credit to the political aptitude of the colonists. Prudent politicians of the English type always try their strength by preference in a contest on a feigned issue. Communities which are incapable of cultivating legal fictions are probably unfit for freedom.

#### THE FENIANS.

IRELAND is unfortunate in the circumstances under which her patriots are discomfited. They are characteristic, undoubtedly; but they tend to dim the lustre of the national annals, which consist mainly of rebellions more or less unlucky. There is something quite Irish in the idea of relieving the fiasco of every conspiracy with a comic scene at the end. STEPHENS was only following out a national precedent in allowing himself to be taken in so cheap and business-like a manner. His end is quite as inglorious as the end of his lamented predecessor, Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN. He had the advantage over that great patriot in the attitude and the locality in which his final defeat took place, but in point of apparel he had certainly the worst of it. It is better to be captured standing upright in your own front hall than to be shot at while making an isosceles triangle with your back and legs in an adherent's cabbage-garden. But then Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN was fully clothed, barring such damage as his attire may have received in the course of his horizontal evolutions; while Mr. STEPHENS had the misfortune to make his first and last appearance, as a patriot struggling with the minions of despotism, in the inadequate costume of a nightgown and a pair of slippers. Now this is not a condition favourable for cutting a dignified figure, especially at daybreak on a November morning, with a fresh breeze blowing in at the door.

There are two points in which the last acts of these two great heroic dramas of Irish patriotism may be compared together. The first is, that they will both tax to the utmost the genius of Ireland's future historical painters. This is as it should be. When the walls of the Congress of the Republic of Ireland have to be adorned with pictures taken from the early struggles of Irish liberty, the superiority of Irish artists will be established by an unquestionable ordeal. When Celtic art shall have shed grandeur round the memory of the battle of the cabbages, and the capture of STEPHENS in the garb of innocence, it will have certainly done what no Saxon pencil could have achieved. The other remarkable peculiarity common to the two affairs is the exceeding bloodlessness of Irish rebellion the moment that any of the leaders in it are personally concerned. SMITH O'BRIEN, when he was crouching behind his vegetable fortifications, was suddenly so struck with the wickedness of war and the unpleasantness of bullets that he fled without any serious resistance. Mr. STEPHENS was milder still. He had been evading the police for many weeks. He was fully provided with numerous revolvers, ready loaded, in order to resist them. But when the moment came for action, his heart misgave him. He could not bear to have a policeman on his soul, or else he did not feel that his nerves were in a favourable condition for the employment of revolvers. Whatever the reason, he made no effort to resist, but undid the door to let the police in with the meekness of a schoolboy caught in the jam-closet. This gentleness on the part of Irish agitators, when the moment comes for firing the revolvers they have carefully loaded, contrasts beautifully with the sterner and more relentless features of their character. Moreover, it is a custom that has the advantage of making their profession comparatively safe. It is true that there is a chance of transportation. But



transportation, in the case of the insurgents of 1848, only meant a temporary seclusion in a lovely island in the antipodes, with unlimited opportunities for running away to any chieftains who were spirited enough to treat the Saxon's parole with contempt. Mr. STEPHENS, if he should fail in getting a single friend upon an Irish jury, looks forward, no doubt, to a sojourn in foreign parts as pleasant, and as easily cut short, as that of MEAGHER of the Sword. In this way the honours and the pecuniary advantages of heroism may be enjoyed without the risk. The progress of modern ideas has divested political, as well as commercial, enterprise, of many of its hazards. Rebellion with limited liability is a discovery of the age which commends itself thoroughly to the mind of a Milesian patriot.

We have not, however, as yet quite attained to the golden age. There is still a sterner side to the aspirations of a struggling nationality. The Saxon tyrant has still something to fear, even though Mr. STEPHENS may be nervous about the consequences of using his revolvers. The virtues of HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON are not wholly forgotten by the worshippers of Irish freedom. But it would be strange if, in the course of three and twenty centuries, patriotism should not have been able to improve upon the example of those great men. It was not given to them to appreciate the advantage of being able to take a long shot at the object of their righteous indignation; so that they were obliged to stake the whole interests of freedom, as represented in their own persons, upon the success of their first attack. The gallant Fenians who practised at the detectives from a garret window the other day have probably disabled their enemies for some considerable time, and will live to take another shot at some other minister of the law whenever an equally safe opportunity arises. But this is a form into which Irish resistance to oppression has always cast itself, and which goes far to redeem the Irish character from the reputation of unreasoning enthusiasm which has been sometimes affixed to it. The mode in which local disputes between landlord and tenant have been usually settled in that country is quite peculiar to it. That they should be decided by an appeal to force is no new thing. In every country where the peasantry are ignorant and the landlords harsh, some form of *Jacquerie* or *Bauerkrieg* has been at times resorted to in order to settle difficulties of this kind. But in these it has always been open violence that has been employed, attended no doubt with great barbarity, but at the same time with terrible risk to the perpetrators. The invention of paying an assassin from a distant county to do the business from behind a hedge is one of which Ireland possesses and deserves the exclusive credit. The suggestions concerning oil of vitriol by Mr. MITCHELL, who now enjoys so extensive a popularity in the United States, and the example of the Fenian sharpshooters who have just distinguished themselves in Dublin, justifies the conclusion that this is the normal form of Irish civil war. For some years past we have been accustomed to look upon certain districts of Ireland as disorderly, and unquiet, and given to outrage. But this is all a mistake. It has been a civil war that has been going on all the time, waged according to the ordinary rules of Milesian strategy. Landlord-shooting or constable-shooting seems to bystanders a peculiar form of hostility; but every nation has its customs. The Irish warrior is evidently of two different types. There is the agitator or conspirator, and there is the sharpshooter or assassin. Both of them agree in trusting to their heels, as the best security against danger; but undoubtedly they differ widely both in point of education and of courage. A Roman Catholic Archdeacon once said that the Saxon had not the courage to shoot at a man from behind a hedge. From his point of view, one might describe the modern Irish army as well furnished with men both of education and of courage; but the courageous men are not educated, and the educated men are not courageous.

Undoubtedly, if there is a weakness in the character of the Irish patriot, it is an exaggerated regard for his personal safety. Prudence in that particular is certainly to be commended; but it may be doubted whether the Irish Republic can be established, under existing circumstances, unless some slight hazard be incurred. This, however, is entirely the affair of the Fenians themselves; and if they like to subscribe money for the support and entertainment of agitators of this circumspect turn of mind, it is difficult to say that their money is thrown away. It is probably as well spent as it would be in any case; and those in whose favour it is subscribed are leading as honest lives as they are likely under any circumstances to lead. But a study of the Fenian character may be useful to Govern-

ment, as a guide to the policy they should pursue in case they obtain a conviction for treason against their prisoners. It is clear that the one thing a Fenian cares about is a whole skin. He is obviously very accessible to fear; but there is no evidence that he is open to motives of a loftier kind. It is idle to try to work upon the generosity of assassins, or upon the honesty of the organizers of a gigantic swindle. With these data to guide them, the course of the Government is tolerably clear. A ferocious punishment would arouse sympathy among the better class of Irishmen. A nominal punishment would have no effect in preventing the recurrence of a disturbance of this kind at a period when it may be more inconvenient to repress it. The punishment to be applied is one that should be very unpleasant, without carrying with it any of the dignity of suffering. A sound whipping—stinging but not injurious—administered once a week for six months is the prescription we should recommend as answering every requirement. If it be adopted, we venture, without fear, to predict that the world will have heard the last of Fenianism.

#### THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

THE accounts of the insurrection in Jamaica are almost unintelligible to strangers, in consequence, not only of the fragmentary character of the details, but of the ignorance of the narrators, and of their familiar knowledge of circumstances which they therefore think it unnecessary to describe. Thoroughly provincial informants share the defects of uneducated witnesses. Unaccustomed to look beyond their own narrow horizon, they become incapable of understanding how a larger range of vision is incompatible with a minute perception of local details. The inhabitants of Kingston expect, with reason, that their present troubles will excite attention and sympathy in England, but they forget that politicians at home have had many things to divert their attention from the domestic affairs of Jamaica. One reporter announces that the long-expected rebellion has broken out, and it is highly probable that disturbances may have been anticipated. But when it is asserted by home writers who affect to be well informed on the sources of the rebellion, that the sole cause of the ruin of the island is that the black population are excluded from the means of life by unjust import duties, and therefore that, for the interests of the blacks, the whole colonial system of Jamaica ought to be swept away, it is time to seek for trustworthy information from those who can assign some cause for a negro rising which seems to have no other definite object than to murder white and brown people, and to appropriate their property. It is certain that the white residents are thoroughly frightened, and their alarm has produced the common result of extreme severity in retaliation. It may have been necessary to make examples of the ring-leaders in a sanguinary revolt; but if it is true that, as the *Times*' account states, no fewer than two hundred rebels have been summarily hanged, it is time that the Home Government should take the administration of justice out of the hands of excited colonists. Mr. CARDWELL has probably by this time despatched stringent orders for the prevention of further vindictive measures. The execution of a policeman who was charged with conniving at the escape of a rebel leader indicates a dangerous panic. An account of the "fiendish barbarities" of the negroes oddly commences with a story of an intended victim, who "cried out that he was a medical man and Dr. MAJOR's partner." "The ruffians at once released him, but not without warning him to mind what he was about." Ruffians who let doctors go with a surly warning to mind what they are about may be thought, even although they are black in colour, not yet to have ripened into fiends. During a massacre of the white male inhabitants of the parish where the insurrection broke out, the women and children seem to have been spared. "Mr. ALBERGA's cries of 'Spare my child' moved the heart of a woman, who took the little innocent away and conveyed him to his mother." As far as a definite impression is conveyed by a mass of incoherent statements, the rebellion is confined to one or two parishes at the eastern extremity of the island. The people on a neighbouring estate behaved well, and although a negro boy belonging to the property was threatened with death, "the savages released him in the end." A gentleman in the vicinity had "a miraculous escape," in consequence of his explanation that he had recently come to the island, and that he had done the people no harm. "After some consultation they agreed to release him, but called his attention to the warning which their proceedings conveyed." Another person was about to be

murdered when his wife besought the rebels to spare his life, as he was only a poor clerk, and had nothing to do with the parish. "The fellows, satiated with carnage, granted her request." Fiendish savages, satiated or not with carnage, who are capable of such acts of moderation, ought not to be exposed to hasty and indiscriminate vengeance. Few Englishmen now regard with satisfaction the early acts of retribution which were provoked by the Indian mutiny. The negroes of Jamaica are lower in the scale of civilization than the Sepoys, and although they have committed serious crimes, they have violated no military allegiance. It will soon be known whether the outrages which have been perpetrated are signs, as is generally alleged, of a general conspiracy; but, whether the disturbances are local or the result of a premeditated and extensive design of massacre, there are still loyal negroes who ought not to be alienated by a persecution of their kindred, and it is particularly reported that the black troops have behaved admirably well. Even in a conflict of races, as in a civil quarrel, the combatant who derives his blood from Olympus or from Caucasus ought to be the first to show mercy. The employment of the Maroons, and the alleged necessity of meeting an outburst of savagery with a horde of barbarian allies, has an awkward look; and as far as the accounts (often inconsistent) can be made out, it seems that for ten or twelve days the defenders of law and order—under the rude formalities, if such they may be called, of martial law—punished an extermination of the whites which was only premeditated by retaliatory measures of extraordinary severity. It may, however, be hoped that on either side there is much exaggeration; and that neither the provocation nor its punishment has been so bloody as is reported.

The history of the rebellion, as it has been hitherto written, commences in the middle of events, with the siege by the insurgents of a court-house in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East. It would appear that the white and coloured residents had taken refuge in the building, and that they defended themselves as long as a small stock of ammunition lasted. The place was ultimately taken, and the little garrison was, with one or two exceptions, put to death. The statement that, at a later period, all the English and black troops were engaged in the field seems to imply that a considerable number of blacks had joined the insurrection. It is worth observing that the mulattoes are on the side of the whites, nor is it improbable that, as in the neighbouring island of San Domingo, they may be especially obnoxious to the pure-blooded negroes. The fate of the rebellion, if it was not at once extinguished, can scarcely be doubtful, as troops and ships of war are rapidly concentrating in Jamaica from Halifax and all the West Indian stations. It is the plainest of duties to protect the more civilized colonists from the horrors of a servile or predial insurrection; but the moment of a panic is not the most happy to decide upon the political changes which may be found necessary. The swift and perhaps not always discriminating vengeance with which the insurrection has been suppressed may have destroyed much evidence as to its real objects which it would have been most important for the Imperial Government to possess.

In default of trustworthy information, the cause of the insurrection is open to wide conjecture and speculation. One-sided friends of the negro complain that the Assembly of Jamaica has taxed the entire population for the importation of Coolies to compete with the black labourers. Like true philanthropic democrats, the Abolitionists propose to correct the supposed injustice by depriving the colonists of the management of their own affairs. More impartial politicians will be of opinion that the revenues of Jamaica cannot be better spent than in procuring the labour which alone can render the soil productive. The negroes might, if they thought fit, secure a monopoly of wages; but their right to indulge in protected idleness will be vindicated only at Exeter Hall. The colonists and their advocates have a more plausible theory of the causes of rebellion. As the Baptist missionaries and preachers have always urged the negroes to assert their rights, they are not unnaturally charged with complicity in an insurrection which the European members of the sect have certainly not intentionally promoted. A body of rebels is said on one occasion to have spent an hour or two in singing hymns in a Baptist chapel, and hostile logicians infer that the teaching of the missionaries must therefore have been connected with the outbreak. In Jamaica this view seems to have been adopted without hesitation; and while some accounts report that Mr. GORDON, a member of the Legislature, and a leading Baptist, has been hung as one of the ringleaders of the rebellion, all the local papers concur in announcing the arrest of several Baptist

preachers. It is highly probable that half-civilized disciples may have accepted the doctrinal religion of their instructors without corresponding regard to the moral precepts of Christianity. Negroes who find the duty of bawling out Dissenting hymns easy and pleasant are as likely as Italian bandits to persevere in their religious fanaticism when they have indulged in the still more exciting pastime of murder. The preachers taught them to sing, and they perhaps told them that they were ill-used by the supercilious white gentlemen who would as soon ask a black labourer to dinner as sit down to table with a Baptist minister. Refined and philosophic men of the world seldom go as missionaries among the blacks. Charity would suggest that these ignorant and fanatical preachers can scarcely have been expected to foresee that their eulogies of JOSHUA and SAMUEL were likely to be converted, in Jamaica as in New Zealand, into practical precedents. In the end it will be well if the negroes are nothing worse than Anabaptists, for heathen superstitions have a strange tendency to revive among degenerate converts. The Maori fanatics and the Taepings have, in recent times, developed from their own traditions and from the Old Testament a monstrous mythology in which Scriptural fragments are built up, like pieces of Grecian sculpture in the wall of a Turkish fortress. The premature independence of Hayti has corrupted the Roman Catholic faith with obscene admixtures of African serpent-worship; and, notwithstanding the difference of language, it is possible that the rebellion may have been incited by emissaries from the adjacent nest of barbarism. Some of these supposed apostles have been imprisoned; but upon what evidence they are believed to have instigated the rebellion, the Jamaica papers are too terror-stricken to explain. Some gloomy prophets forebode the final triumph of the blacks in the West Indies, if it can be called a triumph to abandon all hope of improvement and civilization. There is no difference of opinion as to the certainty that the present insurrection will be crushed; but in the greater number of the islands cultivation is unprofitable, and the climate is only suited to tropical constitutions. The emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States of America will sooner or later be imitated in Cuba, and if the unqualified liberality of English legislation is copied by the Spaniards, the colony will rapidly decay. The prospects of the negro race in the West now depend mainly on the wisdom of American statesmen. If they can deal with the existing difficulty by gradually raising the freedmen into the rank of citizens, and by retaining as effective labourers those who are no longer available as slaves, they will not only perpetuate their own prosperity, but they will facilitate the abolition of slavery in Cuba, and perhaps they may save the black race in the English West Indies from the moral decline which, in one of its earlier stages, is illustrated by the disturbances in Jamaica.

And this is the real matter for consideration. The past must be buried. Mistakes, though from a noble motive, were made in the hasty grant of emancipation. But although a generous experiment of political equality may have failed, it must still, on the one hand, be remembered who has made the negro what he is; and on the other, when the failure of cultivation in the West Indies is charged on the present generation of planters, it must be recollected that, had the negro been possessed of the most ordinary diligence, there is no country where an easier and more profitable return for labour can be found than in Jamaica. Anyhow, as it is the planter's interest, so it must be his practice, to hire labour on what terms he can. His misfortune has been that, though there were in Jamaica labourers idle enough and capable enough, they would not be hired. On the whole, therefore, it will perhaps be safest to avoid a precipitate judgment either way. Hastily to charge the planters with the oppression of the blacks, and therefore with the guilt of the rebellion, will perhaps be found to be as premature as to make no allowance for the slowness with which savage natures receive the virtues of a long civilization.

#### STOCK-EXCHANGE REFORM.

IT seems to be generally understood that the Stock Exchange is passing through a quiet revolution. No official information has been made public as to the precise nature and extent of the changes in progress or in contemplation; but so much dissatisfaction has been felt at the course which dealings in the shares of new companies have recently taken that the promise of any change—no matter what—is welcomed with general congratulations. All that is definitely known is, that the omnipotent Committee are about to abdicate some of their most invidious functions, and it is hoped that a nearer approach to free trade in bubbles will tend to discriminate those which are made to rise from those which are



intended only to burst. As we have more than once pointed out, the old practice of the Exchange Committee has been very pernicious, though there can be no doubt that their rules were originally framed with the laudable view of repressing certain kinds of fraud which were far too refined to be effectually reached by the arm of the law. It is easy to understand why the power of this self-constituted tribunal should be so much greater than that of any court of law or equity. It sprang up at a time when the dealers in stock and shares were practically outlawed. Nine bargains out of ten were time-bargains, and an old statute, as well meant and as mistaken as much of the action of the Stock Exchange itself, had forbidden the Courts to do justice between parties to these prohibited contracts. In spite of the Act, time-bargains continued to be recognised on the Exchange, and the Committee knew very well how to enforce them. A defaulter in this or any other branch of a broker's or jobber's business was peremptorily excluded from the Exchange; in other words, he was punished by the destruction of all his means of living, a penalty far beyond any that a court of justice could inflict. The repeal of the prohibitive Act obviated the necessity for this irregular jurisdiction, so far at least as this particular class of transactions was concerned; but there still remained many facilities for sharp practice, which it needed all the summary authority of the Committee to restrain. It can scarcely yet be said that such intervention can in all cases be safely dispensed with; but it is certain that it has not only been carried too far, but has, with reference to scrip transactions, been exerted in a wrong direction. In these matters everything was against the Committee. From the nature of the case, it was scarcely possible that they should not go astray. Selected as they were from among the largest dealers, it was only by a miracle that any delinquent could be brought before them without finding one or more of his judges interested for or against him. When personal interest was wanting, class bias supplied its place; and if a question arose, as it constantly did, where the House was interested on the one side and the public on the other, it was asking too much of human nature to expect an unprejudiced decision. This was by no means the only defect of the tribunal. That it was a court without appeal may not have been an unmixed evil, but besides this, it was a court with no power of compelling the attendance of witnesses, with no authority to administer an oath, with no aid from professional advocates, and no special aptitude for eliciting the truth by cross-examination. Much more serious than these obvious deficiencies was the want of any intelligible principles of action. Law, it has often been said, cannot march far in advance of prevailing opinions. The law, for example, against bribery at elections is constantly breaking down because society has only half made up its mind that bribery is a crime. The opinion which limits the practical jurisdiction of the Committee is the opinion of the Stock Exchange, and as the doctrines which flourish in that body are a shade more lax than those which prevail upon the Turf, it is not wonderful that the Committee should have grown rather hazy in their judicial estimate of commercial honesty and dishonesty. A few more than ordinarily bad cases of company promotion have brought the general discontent to a crisis, and the Committee appear at last to have recognised the impossibility of drawing an accurate line between offences against the community they govern and more venial sins against outside mortals.

The root of the evil lay not so much in the exercise of the jurisdiction in particular cases as in the vicious practice, which was officially recognised, of dealing in shares on the understanding that it should depend on the fiat of the Committee whether the bargains were to hold good or not. A stranger who found that he had made a nice margin of profit by buying and selling the shares of some inchoate company would of course be unpleasantly surprised to hear that the Committee had decided, behind his back, that all bargains in these shares should be off—that being the consequence, according to Stock-Exchange law, of refusing the Company a settlement. The purpose of this intervention was, no doubt, originally good enough. It was meant to exclude all but *bonâ fide* concerns from the market. The attempt failed from the utter impossibility of ascertaining the truth as to many new projects, and the mischief was doubled by making the decision retrospective as a recognition of the validity of transactions during the embryo condition of the Company. Until the precise nature of the new rules is known, it is impossible to say whether they will, or will not, have the effect of stopping this class of transactions. If they do not go as far as this, they will be of little service to the cause of honesty. If they do, they will enormously diminish the amount of business on the Exchange, and seriously damage many of the professional class from which the Committee is chosen. If the

Committee have really the courage to discountenance dealings which are undermining all commercial morality, they deserve infinite credit, and will earn unlimited obloquy from the concocters of fraudulent Companies. The immediate result of a really effective reform in this direction would probably be the annihilation of at least one-half of the frothy schemes with which the market is inundated. Take, for example, a case of daily occurrence. A firm—let us call it Messrs. PLAUSIBLE RASCAL & Co.—gets into difficulties, and either compounds with its creditors or has the immediate prospect of bankruptcy before it. In old times there would have been no course open to it but to make away with as much property as possible, and pass through the Court. Now, the regular practice is this. The unfortunate firm applies to one of that new class of business-men who are known as "Promoters" or "Financiers," and straightway a Company is got up, under the seductive style of "PLAUSIBLE RASCAL & Co., Limited." The prospectus announces that the Company is formed to purchase the good-will, stock, and plant of an old-established firm, for 50,000*l.* The price has, of course, been settled after careful investigation, and, to remove any doubt as to the value of the investment, PLAUSIBLE RASCAL & Co. agree with great liberality to guarantee the shareholders 15 per cent. for three years; in other words, to return them 45*l.* out of every 100*l.* they may be weak enough to advance. As a rule, the larger the guarantee the more rotten is the concern; but it answers its purpose all the same. Having got thus far, the next thing to be done is to place the shares. Out of the 50,000*l.* purchase-money, perhaps 10,000*l.* may go to the financier, and of the rest so much is taken in paid-up shares, or absorbed by the guarantee (if it is ever paid), as to leave Messrs. PLAUSIBLE RASCAL & Co. not much more than 20,000*l.* for their absolutely worthless business. Still, being enterprising and judicious men, they are willing to sacrifice a few thousands of their prospective gains in order to secure the rest, the more especially as the establishment of the Company will, by the terms of the articles, put one or both of them into well-paid posts. Accordingly, they instruct their broker to begin buying vigorously, at a good premium, the instant the prospectus is issued, and of course long before a share has been allotted. In this they run no risk, because unless the shares are taken no settlement will be granted, and the bargains will be off. If the Company floats, there will be a loss of the difference between the premiums paid and the actual price of the shares after allotment; but this is a loss which our friends can well afford out of their honest gains. What they would do if bargains dependent on the settlement were prohibited it is difficult to say; but under the present (or we hope we may say the late) rules nothing was easier than to create, by the process we have described, a lively, though fictitious, traffic in the shares. The premium quoted is quite enough to bring in applications from hosts of people of speculative temper and mild intellects, who think they will be able to sell their allotments before the premium has quite wasted away. The end is, that the Company gets its capital, the promoters share the spoil with PLAUSIBLE RASCAL & Co., and the shareholders who fail to get out in time pay a series of calls, and, after perhaps getting their guaranteed dividends for a year or two, drop into the position of contributories of a company in course of winding-up.

This is not a fancy picture, and scarcely an extreme case. From beginning to end the transaction is perfectly regular, according to the laws of the Exchange. The capital is obtained; the promoters are too clever to carry their operations to the extent of a rig, which the Committee would denounce. The House gains upon the whole, because all the professionals are bears of this class of shares so far as they deal in them at all, and there is absolutely no ground hitherto recognised by the Committee on which the Company can be refused its settlement. A rule which thus plays into the hands of dishonest and bankrupt traders could not well fail to fall into discredit, and the Committee are clearly right in declining to pick and choose among companies on a principle which admits to the place of honour our excellent friends PLAUSIBLE RASCAL & Co. But, if any good is to be done, the practice of making purchases of unallotted shares to depend on the ultimate establishment of the Company must be got rid of. The Committee, we believe, have the power, if they have the will, to carry out this reform in its integrity; but whether the interests of the Exchange will allow them to act with sufficient energy is a question that can scarcely yet be answered. This at least is certain, that no half-measures will be of the least avail.

## DOMESTICITY.

THE present phase of civilization has its blessings, but it has, upon the other hand, certain distinct drawbacks of its own. The fewer the luxuries of life, the fewer are its cares, and the European of the nineteenth century is beset by troubles and anxieties from which the predatory Arab or Tartar is certainly exempt. Trials fall in modern times to the lot of English Christians of which the early hermits and the first martyrs, and the patriarch Job himself, knew but little. The trials of Job were many and various. He had to listen to interminable sermons, he lost all his family connections except his wife, and he was subjected to cutaneous torture of a kind which potsherders could not allay. He went through both sermons and boils in a way that everybody has always admired, and that has made his name the permanent type of resignation of the highest kind. Englishmen, of all these aggravations, are only called upon to suffer the first, and they suffer it with anything but cheerfulness. Their fidgetiness under Sunday discourses presents an unfavourable contrast to the astounding placidity with which the patriarch went on listening to Eliphaz and Bildad. But it would be unfair to our own generation to assume that English gentlemen have not their peculiar trials. The great distinction between the trials of which we read in olden time and those that come upon men in our day is that the ancient trials were supposed to chasten and elevate the character, while modern trials for the most part do nothing of the kind. The inroads that death makes upon private happiness and domestic life are, of course, common to all races and epochs, though it is to a country like our own, which finds its chief pleasures in domesticity, that death brings the bitterest pang. But it must be admitted in return that domesticity, with all its joys, possesses also corresponding disadvantages which are enough to shake and disturb the soul. It is not necessary now to allude to those sufferings which Xantippe inflicted, and which the philosopher of Greece, in common with the patriarch of Idumea, patiently endured. Matrimony is not so much a lottery as an archery match, in which those who shoot badly cannot complain if they win no prizes; and love cannot be said, in law or in morals, to be any better excuse than intoxication for the follies which people commit under its influence. The trial of a bad wife is a misfortune for which a man has to thank himself; but there are others equally serious, which domesticity seems to bring with it in its train, and which no amount of human effort can avert. They are not the consequence of imprudence so much as incidents attaching to domesticity itself. Those who are determined to taste its sweets must make up their minds for its bitters also. After a series of tribulations of the kind, the British householder feels tempted to fling up his hands in sheer despair, and to wish to heaven that he were some desert chieftain with a tent for his only habitation, on to which no gas companies had ever laid gas, in which no water-pipes ever ran, and where governesses, cooks, and footmen were entirely unknown.

In respect of their power of distracting the philosophic soul, perhaps governesses and servants ought to rank in the very highest place among all the troubles of domestic life. An ancient writer teaches us that the mind of the true philosopher is never in any way distracted. He surveys the events of life from a secure eminence, but is never moved by them. It is evident that the Roman stoic never came across a governess. As a matter of fact, it may be taken that the species was rare. In the primitive days when slaves performed the task of educating the children of the house, and were themselves sufficiently educated for the purpose, the father of the family escaped a good deal of daily worry; and Sosinus and Antiochus, whatever their defects, were too well trained to be importunate or ungracious. Keeping a single horse is, as is well known to the experienced, a trouble of no ordinary kind. He is always catching cold and eating his head off in otiose grandeur, or his legs swell, and nothing can be done with him for a fortnight. But keeping a single horse is nothing to the wear and tear of keeping a governess. Of late years the literary world has heard a great deal of the sorrows of governesses, and as a rule it may be conceded that they are a melancholy tribe. But the powerful pictures drawn, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and kindred works, of the ideal governess who is the victim of spoiled children and aristocratic tyrants, have not many parallels in real experience. If all women who occupy themselves with tuition were sensible and educated, the presumption might fairly be that their unhappiness was the fault of their employers, and not their own. Setting aside the exceptional instances of first-rate characters who have been compelled by circumstances to devote themselves to educational drudgery, one may without rashness assume that the majority are neither particularly sensible nor particularly well-informed. They stand to the rest of their sex as an usher in a second-rate private school usually stands to his. A farmer's daughter who has learned to strum upon the piano, and who has mastered with difficulty the French Grammar and the leading dates in Pinnock's History of England, is a fair specimen of the mass of women who come into the governess market. The literature of the day has its merits, but it can scarcely be said to be healthy or bracing in its tone; and the incessant study of modern novels makes a half-cultivated woman fanciful and sentimental without making her either educated or vigorous. She enters upon her sphere of labour in the spirit of an injured or neglected heroine, and an injured heroine she persists in remaining, in spite of all efforts to make her contented and comfortable. There are plenty

of philanthropic societies that spend their energies in converting Jews, or training up happy shoeblocks, or relieving the dispirited and the oppressed. A society established for the benevolent purpose of promoting cheerfulness among governesses would have a wide and inexhaustible field. A single philosopher has no chance at all. What can be done with a young woman of untiring melancholy and of unprepossessing personal appearance, who bursts into tears if she is asked to take wine at luncheon, and retires to her bedroom, after her meals, to compose the gloomiest religious poetry? It is no use attempting to treat her as a woman, for in reality she is only a kind of raw or untutored school-girl. The difficulty of dealing with servants belongs to the same category. It need hardly be said that all servants are not bad, any more than all governesses, without exception, are invariably out of spirits. The true grievance is that servants cannot by any amount of kindness be ensured against turning out badly. It is sometimes said that a good mistress has never any trouble with her servants. This is a serious mistake. The proposition assumes that servants know when they have a good mistress, and conduct themselves accordingly. Nothing could be wider from the truth. They are a set of uneducated men and women, and act upon impulse or caprice rather than upon common sense or on reflection. To manage them successfully is a proof of talent of a high practical order; but to fail in managing them is not of necessity a proof of any defect, either of temper or of mind. The best whip may easily have trouble if he has to drive unruly cattle; and horses are more easily tamed and trained than human beings. Without any fault on his own part, the householder accordingly soon finds that domesticity is not an unchequered succession of sunshiny days and quiet evenings.

An Englishman's passion for having an establishment of his own involves him in a hundred other miseries, which no prudence can avert. House-hunting itself is an occupation the weariness and dreariness of which is almost indescribable. It is no easy matter for the future householder to catch his house. The business involves innumerable journeys, and prolonged confabulation with the race of house-agents, who, of all men of business, are usually the most unbusiness-like. In most other lines of life, people who have anything to sell use advertisements as a means of letting the world know what it is. In house-hunting, the Englishman discovers before long that advertisements do not seem to be designed for any so useful and simple end. The first step towards letting a house is apparently to describe it in totally deceptive and illusory language. One might have thought that so ludicrous an artifice seldom could succeed, and was the merest waste of time and money. Perhaps it does not often succeed. But house-agents and lessors, from some inherent weakness in their natures, go on employing the manoeuvre, and the result is a certainty to the inquirer of numerous and fruitless journeys after ideal mansions that have nothing at all corresponding to them upon earth. The one thing to be alleged in favour of this habit of inaccurate advertisement is that it seems to be a time-honoured custom. Not long ago a Welshman published a romantic poem of some little length. He explained in the preface that he could not be said to come upon the public as a raw hand. For many years he had been advertising manager to a distinguished firm of auctioneers, and as such had been accustomed to deal with scenery in the most romantic and poetic vein. Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, could boast of a similarly rich experience. "Sir, 'twas I first enriched their style; yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits; to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves, to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of a grateful soil, or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks where there had never been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour, or to fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire." A month or more spent in hunting down Mr. Puff's beautiful and visionary descriptions, and proving their unreality by the laborious process of inspection, makes the most patient Englishman hate the very name of a furnished or unfurnished house. When, by a felicitous accident, he stumbles on what he wants, he is but entering upon a train of continuous sufferings and calamities. The man who takes a house, like the man who marries, has given the greatest of hostages to fortune. Henceforward he is at the mercy of gas companies and water companies, to say nothing of being at the mercy of the elements. He soon learns that it is not an essential characteristic of trials to sublimate and discipline the character. A man must be very strangely open to kindly influences who finds himself a truer and nobler being for the bursting of his water-pipes. The hermits of antiquity, whatever the hardships to which they were exposed, never underwent this. Rock life, with all its want of comfort, did not expose the holy man to any of the perils to which plugs and cisterns, so to speak, are heir; and St. Simeon Stylites could not tremble more thoroughly before the frosts of heaven than does the occupier of a house in the nineteenth century.

Yet, after all, it might perhaps be said that domesticity confers a sense of comfort and stability. It is something certainly to have an abiding habitation, even if pipes and drains break in occasionally on the enjoyment of it; and a chimney-corner is better than nothing, supposing even that the chimney smokes. It is sad to be obliged to argue against the pleasant illusions of life, but truth obliges us to confess that domesticity confers nothing of the kind. Let man should forget that he is, at best, a pilgrim and a bird of passage, railway companies come in and remind him from time to time, when he is settling into repose, that he must move on. Our fathers were at



any rate blessed with comparative quiet. The great disturber of the public peace was in their day the paviour; but when the street was paved and the fuss fairly over, they could breathe in tranquillity for a year or two again. The paviour has been succeeded by other and more noisy mischief-makers. What is the use of a house at all, when a railway may run at any moment within two feet of its wine cellar, and establish a central coal dépôt opposite the windows of the drawing-room? What with underground, and suburban, and junction lines, whistling and screaming and shaking have become the ordinary conditions of an Englishman's life. Compensation is a dream which soon fades before the waking reality. The law knows better than to allow of any such selfish claim. An Englishman's house is still his castle, and railway companies have not yet insisted upon power from the Legislature to occupy, without paying for it, one's front staircase, one's kitchen, or one's hall. But they may encamp and entrench themselves at their will outside the Englishman's castle windows, and thunder in all their glory by the steps of the hall-door. The Acts of Parliament, over the passing of which so many railway directors have watched and brooded, may be said, like the fates of Eloisa, to be severely kind. They are jealous in the extreme lest the Briton's land itself should be touched. But "amenities of residence" Acts of Parliament do not take into consideration, deeming such trifles doubtless unworthy of the protection of the Legislature, and comprehending them all under the category of those infinitesimal points over which the law does not care, as the proverb hints, to watch. In this respect, the country mouse is better off than the town mouse. Land in rural parts is a more frequent appendage of dwelling-houses, than it is or can be in a town, and constitutes a charmed and protecting circle through which the railways cannot break without paying for it. The complaint is not that railway companies pay badly for what they take, but that, in the metropolis, they can take a great many things gratis. The suburbs of London are subject to the same violent invasion. The sounds which the traveller in the *Pilgrim's Progress* heard proceeding from the mouth of hell are nothing to the noises which the railways are privileged to make all over suburbs that once were the retreat of solitude and silence. The householder who is not prepared for these and other interruptions must be for ever on the wing; and when he settles again into green fields, he is aware, from his experience of the Legislature, that his tenure and tranquillity are both precarious in the extreme. Domesticity, therefore, is not pure Elysium. There are so many drawbacks about it, in the case of all except the very rich, that Englishmen of moderate incomes may yet imitate their American cousins, and fly for shelter to giant hotels, where servants cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, and where it is tolerably certain—thanks to the eminent and noble names under whose patronage such establishments are conducted—that the disturbing railway engineer will not bring his detested line and plummet.

#### UNIVERSITY ECONOMY.

IT is an indisputable, if a melancholy, fact that no one believes that he gets, as a rule, as good a dinner as he deserves; or that he pays a duly moderate sum for that which he does get. From the poor man, whose food is really insufficient to maintain health, up to the guests at the Lord Mayor's banquet, who consumed the other day an average of three plates of turtle-soup, we all feel entitled to grumble at our dinner. Man can seldom find the realization of his highest ideal in any department of life. Imperfect, however, as all human dinners must be, they are fair subjects of a searching criticism. We feel keenly every deflection from our accepted standard, and we believe conscientiously that when a cook has set before us the most faultless of dinners, he has only done his duty; he has escaped committing a crime, but has hardly established any claim upon our gratitude. We do not seek to account for this phenomenon on psychological grounds; we accept it as a fact, which is just now strikingly illustrated by the state of things at our Universities. The Christ Church manifesto, or round-robin, which has lately appeared, is an expression of the normal undergraduate sentiment. There is no conviction more deeply rooted in the minds of that interesting portion of our population than the belief that they are constantly wronged as to their meals. At intervals there comes an outbreak such as that which has just occurred at Oxford. Like the Fenian disturbances in Ireland, it testifies to the existence of a smouldering mass of discontent, which may have lasted without attracting notice for an indefinite time. Many generations of undergraduates have perhaps silently put up with wrongs rather than take the trouble to agitate for redress. At last the hour and the man arrive. Some embryo Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates that the butler is making 152 per cent. profit on aerated bread; the indignant youth arises, and tries to assail the serene ears of high college dignitaries, and to draw down their thunder upon the trembling butler. Immediately deep answers unto deep; as the emancipation of the negroes in America agitates the remote blacks of Jamaica, so the war-cry of Christ Church finds an echo in the distant halls of Downing. The undergraduates (for, surprising to state, we need no longer say the undergraduate) of Downing declare that they are being charged 8d. for a loaf which costs 3d. And we fear that a searching investigation might discover the existence of disaffection to the college servants in many of the sister foundations. Not long ago a similar remonstrance was addressed to the authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge;

and, affectionately as old University men are apt to speak of many even of the abuses of their colleges, we never met a member of that "noble and magnificent college" who did not bear some malice against the dinners eaten and paid for by undergraduates within its walls.

Where discontent is so universal, there is likely to be some ground for it, and the cause of the defective arrangements complained of is more easy to find than the remedy. There are few offices in England which are held by a more secure tenure than those of college servants. It is true that their dismissal does not require an address from both Houses of Parliament; but when a man has once fairly taken root as cook or butler, he is almost as safe as a judge. He becomes an "institution." He stands immovable as the hall or the butteries themselves whilst many generations of undergraduates wear out their ephemeral existence. He looks with the patronizing gaze of permanence even upon deans and tutors. Dons may come and dons may go, but cooks last for ever. The college takes a pride in him. It is vaguely reported, with various amplifications and with obvious satisfaction, that his son is a fellow-commoner at the sister University. It is felt to be rash for any one below the rank of a fellow to find fault with him, and to remove him would amount to a *coup d'état*. It sometimes even happens that he establishes a kind of family connection with the college. His forefathers have been servants in previous generations, and he brings up his sons in a well-founded hope that they will succeed to his place. Now the advantage of holding a fixed position, when everything around you is transitory, is well known. The permanent member of a board must be wanting in tact if he does not get most of the power into his own hands. The college servant becomes the depositary, if not the inventor, of certain traditions which form naturally round him as a nucleus. Certain modes of keeping accounts and making charges are to him as rules of the Medes and Persians. A butler looks upon it as a law of nature that a loaf of a certain size should be charged eightpence, and religiously believes that the college would fall into decay if a proper quantity of his punch was not consumed on certain conventional occasions. As a rule, his yoke is borne with remarkable calmness, undergraduates having rather rudimentary views about housekeeping; but every now and then an effort is made to throw him off, which generally ends like Sindbad's first efforts against the Old Man of the Sea. He consents, perhaps, to alter his seat, but he does not seriously relax his hold. The question may naturally be put, why do not the college authorities interfere? To which the answer is that, in many cases, the college authorities are a fluctuating body of bachelors, often not much better informed as to butchers' and bakers' bills than the undergraduates. A new broom sometimes sweeps out a variety of abuses, but the stolid deadweight of a body of highly respectable servants avails more in the long run than the spasmodic attacks of an occasional reformer; the machinery is oiled and cleaned for the time, but it has a wonderful alacrity at collecting rust and being choked with cobwebs. In other cases, as at Christ Church, the authorities are of a more permanent kind, but they sit too far above the thunder to be much stirred by the lamentation and the ceaseless tale of wrong that steams up from undergraduate voices. So long as their little dues continue to be stored up satisfactorily, they remain in complacent ease. They are too far off for their harmony to be affected by the discords raging below.

In the case of the Christ Church complaints, a very good *a priori* case seems to be made out. There is something touching about the assertion that the profits on aerated bread are exactly 152 per cent. An undergraduate who has been induced to go through the calculation implied must evidently have been stirred to the quick. Indeed, it has made such an impression upon the *Times* as to call forth rather exaggerated compliments. Men who can show such an aptitude for practical affairs must have learnt, says the *Times*, something of more value than could be taught by many University Commissions. They have actually found out that a loaf of aerated bread is retailed for 93d. and sold at Christ Church for two shillings. They have then, by abstruse arithmetical operations, discovered that this implies a profit of 152 per cent. They have learnt that those mysterious questions by which the fiendish ingenuity of examiners sometimes perplexes the innocence of youth may actually be turned to good account; that undergraduates may use for their own purposes weapons which, as a rule, are only employed to torture them. We certainly do not doubt that this accurate statement of the case was creditable to its authors, and still less that they showed their sense in sending their statement to the *Times*. But if many University Commissions could not teach the Rule of Three, commissions must be of less use than we had fondly supposed. The complaint, however, is impressive enough with or without a delight in figures calculated to show that something of Mr. Gladstone's spirit still lingers within the walls of Christ Church. And the allusion to the bad quality of the beer is introduced with an artistic sense of the pathetic. We sincerely hope that it may meet with the success it deserves—that bread may be brought down to a reasonable price, and that the beer, which is nowhere brewed more scientifically than in our University towns, may be restored to a quality worthy the reputation of England and of Oxford. It is, of course, impossible to speak positively from a mere *ex parte* statement, whilst the awful dignity of the authorities impugned forbids us to expect an explicit answer to the complaint. The excuses which have been rather faintly suggested by others do not, however, seem to be very satisfactory. The wages of the college servants

have apparently to be paid out of the profits. The charges, again, are raised on the same principle as those at hotels in certain watering-places, because the whole profits have to be made during part of the year; and it is possible that these particular articles may be those on which the profits are made, and that others are charged at a reasonable price. But, whatever may be the value of such considerations, they can hardly account sufficiently for so exorbitant a rate of profit. Another statement which is made seems to be an additional aggravation. Residence, it seems, is counted by the days on which a bill is running at the butteries; a man is, therefore, compelled to take his bread and butter from the college servant. There are other ways in which residence might be counted with equal facility; but, if it is thought necessary to enforce a monopoly of bread, it is clear that bread is the last article upon which a high rate of profit should be charged. The accusation, whether clearly made out or not, thus seems to carry with it a degree of probability which nothing that we know of college management is likely to contradict. And it must be noticed that not only are the charges high, but that there are few or no bad debts to deduct from profits.

The remedies suggested in the remonstrance strike us as hardly satisfactory. They are aimed at certain existing evils, but they do not go quite to the root of the matter. The present system appears to be that the butler has a monopoly of the supply; that a certain tariff of charges is fixed by the college authorities, and that he is left to make his profit accordingly. It is proposed that the college should take the business into its own hands, and that the butler should be paid a fixed salary. This would certainly remove one cause of discontent. The butler would no longer have a direct interest in exaggerated profits, and it might be presumed that the college would not seek to wring undue threepences from the pockets of its students. The plan has been tried at some colleges without extinguishing all cause of complaint. The mere indolence and slovenly management of a disinterested board may produce as great evils as the direct extortion of the servants. The college, of course, cannot be expected to spend money upon its undergraduates' food; it must charge a sum sufficient to repay itself for the outlay; and this outlay has a tendency to swell after a mysterious and incomprehensible fashion. When none of the servants have any interest in saving, devouring gulfs seem to open suddenly in the kitchen and the butteries. Prices are charged which ought to be remunerative; but, somehow or other, the college discovers at the end of the year that there is a deficit as certain as that which terrifies an Italian Minister of Finance. Now it is easier to rectify matters by adding a penny here and a penny there to the customary charges than by thoroughly overhauling the internal economy of the college. Charges insensibly creep up, though not perhaps to their former level. The college, indeed, does not reap the extravagant profits which formerly fell to the share of its servants; but the plunder which they formerly seized in a lump now dribbles away through various unsuspected channels opened by careless management. The last state of that college is not much better than the first, although the most intolerable harpies have been expelled. The best way of remedying the evil would seem to be by the introduction of free trade. If the undergraduates are allowed to buy their bread and butter where they choose, they have at least the remedy in their own hands; and those who are economically given would take advantage of it. Residence is, in fact, determined elsewhere by other tests than the consumption of bread and butter, which is, by the way, liable to the objection that a man might satisfy it vicariously. This grievance might be thus effectually cut away. The hall question is more difficult; but an outsider would suppose that it would be possible, revolutionary as the measure may seem, to upset the remorseless sway of the cook. There are plenty of people who would contract to feed, at reasonable prices, a number of undergraduates endowed with steady appetites, and bound to pay regularly. They might possibly try to save in quality what they lost by fair charges. But it is a great principle of an undergraduate's nature that he may always be relied upon to complain of bad food, though it is only at intervals that he is roused to complain of high charges. Under such an arrangement, the great power of grumbling would be available in the most effective form.

#### BISHOPS AND STIPENDIARY CURATES.

A GOOD deal of discussion has been going on of late on the causes of what old Eachard once called "The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy." We have been told, and not without truth, that the proscription of pluralities, and the final extinction of what Sydney Smith called the Lottery view of the Christian ministry, has had a good deal to do with the paucity of candidates for ordination. A dispute not very edifying to the laity has recently been raging, between two dignified clergymen, on the ugly question whether the low standard of clerical qualifications which bishops are forced to accept is due to the badness of certain theological colleges, or whether the meagre instruction communicated in these institutions is not necessitated by the scandalous character of the examination before the bishop. Anyhow there seems to be a *consensus* to the fact that the Universities do not contribute their old and overwhelming proportion of English clergymen; and that something like a third of our spiritual pastors and masters are, or are likely to be, literates *sine literis*, and anything but a *clerus* in Coleridge's high sense of the term. This is a grave and serious social consi-

deration. Hitherto, among the Churches of Europe, the Church of England has for a long time boasted itself with justice that its clergy are gentlemen; and there is not a family of dignity and hereditary rank which has not reckoned, or does not reckon, the clergy among its members. The days are gone by, if they ever existed, which with a malicious pleasantry Macaulay delighted to recall, when the seventeenth-century clergyman was banished to the side-table and the squire's coarse hospitality of beef and carrots. It is only at the hands of Town Councillors and the Marylebone Vestry that the clergy in these days are subject to social indignities. We are just informed that the late Lord Mayor, a respectable tallow-chandler, during his year of office, hit upon the device, so characteristic of the good sense and gentlemanly feeling of an Alderman, of punishing what he and his congenial friends in the *Morning Advertiser* call "Tractarians," by cutting off from the clergy their traditional dole of turtle and custards at the Mansion House. But, with this exception, there is no section of English society in which the English clergy have not claimed for more than a century, and by their character and education won, the right to be treated as perfect equals. We are told that all this is coming to an end. Our parsons are not what they were, or their successors are not likely to be what they are. Competition in the public service, the advanced education required in the superior ranks of commerce, all these things form powerful counter-attractions to the simple life of the village pastor or the toilsome and killing labours of the town curate. Then we are passing through a period of stern and difficult controversy and doubt even on the most momentous topics. Men decline to pledge themselves for life at twenty-three. And so it comes to pass that we have fewer candidates for orders, and that of these few the professional qualifications become more slender every year.

It has not, however, attracted sufficient notice that there is another, though latent, cause of the reluctance of educated young men to volunteer into the glorious, but suffering, army of stipendiary curates. There is a weakness in a gentleman, though a curate, for being treated like a gentleman. We do not quite accept all the curates' grievances. It does not seem to be a much harder lot to be a poor unmarried curate, with plenty to do and little to live upon, than to be a barrister aspiring but briefless, or a medicine man big with energies but scanty in practice. Nor can we quite see, if in a parish there must be a clerical team of rector and curates, how it can be managed that every curate should be the leading horse; or how the present parochial system could be carried on if, as has been oddly suggested, every curate's post were to be made a freehold, and he held his curacy in perfect independence of either bishop or incumbent. Still that a stipendiary curate's position is a very insecure one, though such insecurity is inseparable from the nature of his position, may be a reason, among many reasons, why such position is not much in request. And that he is subject to the caprice and perhaps capriciousness of his superiors is not always pleasant. As a matter of fact, however, it reflects infinite credit upon bishops, incumbents, and stipendiary curates that so little inconvenience and scandal arise from a relation which, without good feeling and good sense on all sides, might be one fruitful in jealousies, quarrels, insubordination, and mutual rancours and rivalries. That such exist among twenty thousand men there can be no doubt; but the dirty surplice is generally washed in the vestry, and the world is seldom scandalized by oppression exercised towards curates, or by mutiny among the spiritual rank and file. Good feeling and mutual respect are the ecclesiastical peace-makers. What has most contributed towards this pleasant state of things, under circumstances where there must be a good deal to bear and forbear, is the fact that bishop and dean, rector and assistant curate, have often been schoolfellows and college mates. Or, if they have not been contemporaries, they have a common standing in a common education, the same traditions, the same prejudices and partialities. In a word, they are all gentlemen together, and gentle breeding is the best leveller. Now and then, of course, there is an ill-nurtured bishop or rector, whose nature it is to tyrannize. What a London shopkeeper who has risen from the ranks is to his poor clerks and porters, that a bishop or rector may be to the curates. It all depends on the man. Sometimes this warfare comes out in small paltry insults, as when a bishop or a tallow-chandler will have no beards in his diocese or warehouse. Sometimes it comes out in more serious ways.

An instance has lately occurred in Manchester. It seems that a few weeks ago there was a special service at one of the Manchester churches at which the English Church Union, then holding their annual meeting at Manchester, attended. It may be conceded, we suppose, that the English Church Union is a High Church body; but it is an organization over which a layman presides, and if now and then, in some cases, certain people believe that their zeal may be ahead of their knowledge, there can be no question about their loyalty to the Church of England. And in these days, and in places like Manchester, the authorities of the Church of England, if they are wise, as they generally are, will condone a little foppery for a good deal of substantial service. At this special service, a Mr. Nihill, a Manchester clergyman, who for many years has had a missionary cure among the tens of thousands of the factory hands, officiated. According to a Salford paper—the *Tizer* or *Record*, we suppose, of those parts—at the communion Mr. Nihill made some bowings, or adorations, or elevations which were not to the taste of that well-informed journal, nor strictly prescribed by the rubric. So Mr.



Nihill was denounced, according to the ordinary fashion. The Bishop of Manchester sent for Mr. Nihill, read the newspaper paragraph, and, after asking about its truth and receiving no contradiction from Mr. Nihill, instantly—without the slightest remonstrance, advice, arguing, or hesitation—then and there, on the spot, revoked Mr. Nihill's license, the necessary papers for turning him adrift on the world having been already prepared. The Bishop then politely bowed Mr. Nihill out of the Episcopal presence and diocese of Manchester, with a grim pleasantry, the joke of which we fail to perceive, on the prevalence of east winds and bronchial affections generally. Whether this referred to a certain charitable rising of the natural, though episcopal, man—a touch of that *hysterica passio* which a bishop acting the executioner might perhaps feel—is doubtful. Dr. Prince Lee is not very likely to have felt any of the human weaknesses. Much more probably he was thinking of at least that one good case of *dysphonia clericorum* which he had just brought on.

If this sort of thing is at all common—and perhaps it is only the reticence of the oppressed which conceals such cases—here is a sufficient cause why grave doubts as to the propriety of entering orders should suggest themselves to gentlemen. Very few educated gentlemen would like to run the risk of being at the mercy of the Bishop of Manchester. Curiously enough, it is the schoolmaster bishop who so often forgets the social proprieties and amenities. We will not now recall forgotten instances of similar treatment of curates, but they always happen with schoolmaster bishops. Of course it is a difficult thing for a man in mature age to doff the Orbilius of his best days. But it does not come out well; and it does not answer. There are laity who resent this sort of thing. If a bishop bullies a curate, or snubs the assembled clergy, and makes mountains of molehills, it tells not only on his own reputation but on his influence for good. Church builders, for instance, are but men; and if, when they have given their thousands and tens of thousands, they are called over the coals roughly about some trimmy flowers or crossings and bowings, they do not build and endow a second church. To do Bishop Lee only justice, we have not heard of his exertions in Church building, or Church extension, or Church anything else. He was a Birmingham schoolmaster, who never had a parochial cure; and into the palace he has conveyed the ideas of the desk and the school-room. This is by no means the only instance of a peculiar habit of mind and manners exercised by him towards his clergy. The name of Rochdale recalls recollections not agreeable to the Bishop's reputation for episcopal suavity, long-suffering, and gentleness. Now, who is Mr. Nihill? A curate to be sure, and as such, by the law of England, always amenable to what he has caught—an instant revocation of his license by the Bishop, with or without cause assigned. We know that he has an appeal to the Archbishop; and though at Dr. Longley's hands the curate would receive justice, yet in a case like this to talk of an appeal is absurd. For, no doubt Mr. Nihill did wrong in his little bit of extra-ritualism, and the Archbishop could only confirm his suffragan's decision. And no doubt Bishop Prince Lee has the better of the law and the sympathies of the *Morning Advertiser* on his side. But again we say, who is Mr. Nihill? A gentleman, and the son of a clergyman, and educated in all Church feelings—Dr. Prince Lee not having had these advantages of life. Mr. Nihill is amiable in life and conversation; the friend of the friendliness at school, the companion and model of all that is respectable in College. For some years he has "been," as a Manchester newspaper informs us, "constant in season and out of season among the poor, living with them, praying with them, consecrating himself wholly to their welfare, and earning a reputation for zeal and devotedness second to none." All this he has done for the work's sake; he has refused other posts because his calling was with his poor men of Manchester; eleven hundred of whom—one half of them being communicants—have memorialized Dr. Lee on behalf of their beloved curate. But perhaps, with all these practical virtues, Mr. Nihill was an extreme man, a troublesome man, always getting into scrapes, and tiring his poor Bishop's heart out with his eccentricities and fopperies and ultra-ritualism. Not a word of this is pretended; or if Mr. Nihill were all this, or half of all this, the Bishop of Manchester has been culpably negligent for a good many years. The Bishop has never censured Mr. Nihill, never remonstrated with him, never admonished him, never seen him, and never written to him since he has been in the diocese. At the very worst, Mr. Nihill's solitary extravagance is as nothing against his solid virtues and long labours. What he has done is venial; but the Bishop condemns with a jest, and ruins a man for committing a single fault, only because he is helpless and virtuous. It is this sort of thing which has ruined the French Church. In that unfortunate communion every curé is at the irresponsible mercy of his bishop. The consequence is, the six hundred, or sixty, or whatever it is, clerical cab-drivers, and the ominous fact that the evil days of Samaria are repeated when the priests' offices are filled from the lowest of the people. A few more Bishop Lees, in the present temper of men's minds, may bring the Church of England to some such a despised and contemptible state. As to the Bishop of Manchester himself, argument would be thrown away upon him. We can only ask him whether he remembers these words—he heard them once, and it was at what, in the conventional language of bishops' charges, is called the most solemn moment of life:—"Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf; feed them, devour them not. . . . Be so merciful that ye be not too remiss; so minister discipline that you forget not mercy."

#### SORROWS OF GENIUS.

FOR an undergraduate with a soul above the odious drudgery of the Little-Go and Moderations it is uncommonly hard to climb the steep of Fame's proud temple. Dons have a resolute antipathy to all attempts to reach the proud temple otherwise than by the beaten track of the schools and the class-list. If genius has taken its degree, they are tolerably indifferent to the direction of its soaring and the sublimity of its aims; but the undergraduate with a taste for writing epics, or composing onslaughts on the pedantry and grossness of the age, or exploding the Christian religion, the soul of the University abhorreth. A fearful case of genius being sacrificed to this hide-bound spirit appears to have occurred recently. A writer who tells us that he is "but a boy in years, only an undergraduate of dear old Oxford, though his mind is mature and pregnant," has addressed a letter to the *Athenæum* setting forth the story of his woes in burning words. At the beginning of the present term he "ventured to publish a small poem," entitled *Pessimus; a Poem in Prose, and a Paradox*. It was circulated among the Oxford booksellers, for sale, "and so presented itself to the length and breadth of the book-hunting University." "In this diffused existence" it met the eye of certain authorities. To see was not in this case to admire. Poor *Pessimus* incurred the disapprobation of these foes to liberal genius. Accordingly, "the University, through its representatives, most strongly condemned the book, and insisted on its being immediately withdrawn." "The University," says the sufferer, with magnanimous irony, "is of course infallible, and cannot have erred." All the copies in circulation were withdrawn accordingly, and effectually suppressed. "This was unquestionably due to the publishers, whose reputation was imperilled by a continued exposure of the book." If genius had been sensible, it would, on finding itself baffled in this way, have quietly set to work at the humbler task of earning a testamur. But, unluckily, genius so often refuses to be sensible. Our author, if he may not prance at his own fiery will through prose-poems and paradoxes, at least declines to harness himself to a go-cart, or rather a Little-Go cart. "My course was plain enough," he admits, though with a very singular notion of a plain course. "I ceased to be a member of the University, to which indeed I could no longer belong after such an unprovoked insult, and so arbitrary a judgment." In spite, however, of his conviction of the plainness of his course, he goes on to say that "to impartial witnesses it must appear, at the least, a foolish measure." The author is obviously a man of discernment. He perceives that his measure may at least seem foolish. But "to me it is of far deeper import, and I shall seize a favourable opportunity for publishing a defence and a protest." So "I take my leave of the University, but the University may be sure I have not forgotten her, and she shall soon perceive how grateful a son I can be, and how I shall endeavour to repay the obligations she has imposed upon me." Whether this is magnanimity or menace, who can tell? In either case let devoted Oxford tremble. If our young friend is going to repay good for evil, then she will have coals of fire heaped upon her head. If, on the other hand, he means to crush her with her antiquated pretensions and pedantic trumpery, how can she survive? For her assailant is no ordinary mortal. We have his own word for it, that he "has read much and thought more; is conscious of a mission and prophetic burthen." Again—"Like a young gladiator impatient for the battle, as armed at all points—well equipped and trained, my harness on my back and sword in hand—I descend, I leap boldly into the arena." A man of this sort is clearly not to be trifled with, even by a University. As it is, the indomitable author "may advert to the obvious moral of this case—a moral of deadly significance, to be drawn here more forcibly perhaps than anywhere else—that there is a fatal want of equilibrium between the opinions and institutions of Oxford." A little obscure, but admirably sonorous!

Meanwhile there is good news for the rest of the world. We are not to be left comfortless. "It remains for me now to say, in order that the public may not be disappointed, that my poem will shortly reappear in London; it is to be hoped under brighter auspices, as it will be in a more liberal atmosphere." In order to prepare the public for the inimitable treat which is thus awaiting them, it may be useful to see what is the spirit of the young gentleman with the mission and the prophetic burthen. He invites "searching, scorching criticism." He is prepared to abide the worst. Why, as he very justly asks, should he who has read much and thought more, and is conscious of his mission, "cringe and fawn like a slave, or step diffidently like a girl on entering the poetic circle"? He invades this magic world "simply *sui juris*"—a phrase, we fear, which does not at all mean what the young gladiator intends, but which still is most excellent and unimpeachable in itself. Perhaps some scorching critic, he thinks, may accuse him of imitating great models. In our humble judgment this is the very last charge which anybody is at all likely to bring; at least we are ignorant of any great model whose writing is in the smallest degree like that of *Pessimus*. However, if anybody does accuse our youthful genius of imitating Shakspeare, Goethe, Shelley, or such creatures, the author will scornfully repel the charge. "No natural force with the infinite wealth of self-centred individuality needs alien and artificial helps." Still, "the poem is put forth tentatively; that I may see the direction and drift of the present current of thought, yet not that I may be guided or deterred by any popular cries or senseless clamours." This is as it should be. In spite of his infinite wealth of self-centred

individuality, he is not unwilling to know what is the present current of thought among the rest of us poor souls, who don't descend into arenas or wear harness on our backs. At the same time, he means to turn a deaf and contemptuous ear to senseless clamours. It is peculiarly gratifying to find that this excellent youth is not going to assail the fundamental article of religion. He is not just now about to overthrow the Deity. With a patronizing air that cannot fail to be appreciated, he says, "I recognise and obey the present God." This is really most encouraging. Perhaps the reserve about the word "present" is a trifle unsatisfactory. An unconditional allegiance would have left the reader more tranquil. As it is, we are left rather uncertain whether the gladiator's expression does not mean that he is willing to recognise the *de facto* authorities, without committing himself on the slippery question of *de jure*. Still, even this much is uncommonly kind and good of him. He is a degree better than those sublime students at Liège, one of whom, amid the applause of his brethren, "moved a resolution denying the existence of a God," while another advocated the immediate suppression of the rights of property. We shall be very anxious till we know whether the new regenerator of the world recognises the rights of property. This is a kind of point about which there should be no doubt.

Who the unfortunate Pessimus can be, we cannot pretend to conjecture. His name is against him, and the account which he gives of himself would be more in his favour if it were in some slight degree intelligible. He says, "Although the sphere of my essence is really indefinite, yet it is in some sense and nominally measured by the circle, the capabilities, the degrees, of this planet, and herein most properly revolves." "I am a part and yet a whole; a unit and an aggregation alike; an individual no less than a universe. Equally a biography, an epitome, a history, a man, a world." "Yet, from this mass of many contradictions eliminating one or two, and choosing a special aspect, my present purpose makes it sufficient to describe myself as the enemy and victim of Nature, a sole champion, for ever pursuing or flying." What can the present purpose of a man be, when it is sufficient for it to describe himself in this deliciously plain and lucid style? This, he it known, is the "Argument," which is to throw light upon the poem, and to tell us in a few words what it is all about. The luminousness of the poem itself may be imagined—certainly more easily imagined than described. First of all, it is in prose—not a common, perhaps not a very desirable, thing about a poem. It commences with the familiar and singularly appropriate statement that "Genius is akin to madness." But after this we leave all solid ground. It is the solitary spot on which we can rest the sole of the foot. Every proposition in the poem, save this one, is a mere waste of waters. Probably some critics may find what they are fond of calling "a weird beauty" about other parts of the poem, but for ourselves this is the one comprehensive sentence to which we insist on clinging. No doubt there is something sublime in the delightful statement of poor Pessimus—"What I am, and I am what I am, had mournfully failed still to pierce the mysteries of What Is. I had, indeed, violently assailed What Seems, broken up and transfigured it; but the real and the absolute, ever receding, fled from me, like figures sliding from their centre of gravity, into a beautiful gulf of despair—mist-like, phantom-like, impenetrable." We do not even understand how a figure can slide from its centre of gravity; much less can we make out who or what is the effusive What I Am. Pessimus may most justly say, "Between me and men looms a veil sorrowfully dark and darkly sorrowful—a veil woven from top to bottom in one whole without a seam." What does the wretched man, if he be a man, mean by the "hard ethics of repeated failure"? What is "a play horribly beautiful, with cancerous graces"? And is it usual to talk of "the glorious imagination that thrilled a Socrates," or "the fine passion that moved an Alcibiades"? We scarcely gave Alcibiades credit for particularly fine passions, but then our haughty undergraduate scorns the learning of the schools; and we will not presume to differ from one who, though a boy in years, has "a mind mature and pregnant." The following is a moderate specimen of the enthusiasm to which a consciousness of a mission and a prophetic burthen may raise even an undergraduate:—

Oh, may inexorable damnation seize my soul, may torments undreamed of, everlasting and infinite, settle down like night or death upon me, if I ever forgive thee, O Tyranny—if I ever forget thee, O Bigotry! May my own confusion clothe me as a garment, if in weakness or cowardice I shrink from the unequal combat! And may the heads of tyrants, and the bones of the intolerant, be the carpets and pavements which strew the road of my Flight! May the sun, and moon, and the choral stars forget to give their light, by night and day; when once this strong right arm forsakes its proper office, and composes in hollow peace the ferocious strife with Tyranny!

After all, this frantic nonsense only exhibits, in a very exaggerated form, a state of mind that is not at all uncommon among aspiring youths. When Southey and Coleridge, at about eighteen or nineteen, were in their Pantisocratic stage, they talked and thought rubbish nearly as bad as this. As soon as a lad thinks he has got a mission, he is pretty sure to make a fool of himself in one form or another. Boys will be boys. They open their eyes at about seventeen to the evil, corruption, and misery of things, and then, quite persuaded that all the rest of the world is in the same state of blindness as that from which they have just emerged, they are inspired with an invincible yearning to set everything right. This yearning, they are convinced, is a mission and a prophetic burthen. Their apostolic enthusiasm to open all the world's eyes as wide as their own may take two shapes. They may lecture us in discourses of solemn pomposity, as Lord

Amberley has done; else they may don the cothurnus, and rave and rant tragically, like the luckless Pessimus. The spectacle of generous youth in this stage is very amusing. It is absurd to be angry with them. They mean well, though they are horrible bores. Give them a little time, and they will soon cure themselves, if not the universe.

#### MRS. GASKELL.

THE unexpected announcement of the death of Mrs. Gaskell will have been received with genuine regret by many who did not enjoy personally the pleasure of her acquaintance. It is a loss to a wide circle whenever a justly favourite writer dies in the fulness of energy and the maturity of power; and this was the position which Mrs. Gaskell occupied before the public at the time of her decease. She had written herself into a well-deserved popularity, not confined to Great Britain alone; her later fictions gave no reason to fear that her imagination was wearing threadbare, or her manner growing conventional; and she seemed not likely to lose for many years to come the power or the inclination to write. Since the appearance of *Mary Barton* some seventeen years ago, few seasons have gone by without leaving some record of Mrs. Gaskell's literary industry, although she never fell under the imputation of publishing too rapidly. The list of her works given in this week's journals is not quite a complete one, but it is correct enough to remind contemporary critics how gradually and honestly the authoress had worked her way into permanent public favour. Without being unique, or in any sense extraordinarily original in her range of subjects or in her method of treatment, sometimes not rising above a level which has been reached by many other English story-tellers for whose books a very moderate tenure of popularity may be predicted, sometimes onesided in social views, sometimes indiscreet in following her personal impulses too blindly, Mrs. Gaskell has yet achieved a success which will live long after her, and in which all connected with her may well feel an honourable pride.

Fictions composed, as *Mary Barton* and *North and South* were composed, to inculcate a particular doctrine or point a definite moral for the benefit of a purblind or obstinate age, are apt to spoil their case by overstatement; and, even apart from their chances of exaggeration, they necessarily labour under a drawback, as permanent works of art, by their didactic tone. Mrs. Gaskell wisely perceived, before she had written many novels, that the highest end and aim of novel-writing was not to improve the outside world into a juster sense of the rights of the operative or any other special class, but to produce a picture of some phase of human life which should be intrinsically true. She gained the knowledge that the power of the novelist to impress a lesson lies in the perfection of the art with which the lesson, whatever it may be, is kept out of sight; and in ceasing to write for an object, she acquired a more comprehensive and stronger command of the interest and sympathy of the general public. *Mary Barton* will be comparatively forgotten, for all its power and its pathos, when the two novels which mark as it were the opposite poles of Mrs. Gaskell's powers in writing—*Cranford* and *Sylvia's Lovers*—are still eagerly read and widely admired.

*Cranford* is, in its way, the most perfect of Mrs. Gaskell's creations, and we do not hesitate to say that it is the most perfect little story of its kind that has been published since the days of Miss Austen. It is a picture of the very small and peculiar social circle of an English village, drawn with minute and accurate, but never wearily microscopic, observation. The extreme quietness of the life which it describes is carefully suited with a narrative style of singular purity and simplicity, which increases its charm in reading very considerably, and will materially assist in maintaining its popularity to a later time. Of actual story there is very little; the placid movement of life in such a village as Cranford could scarcely co-exist with anything like a crisis of passionate or active interest in the minds or fortunes of the individual members of its peaceful society. But through the calm and stationary details of the present we see frequent glimpses of distant romance that has been, or that might have been. Threads of personal story, belonging to the past life or the unfulfilled hopes of the gentle faded old maiden ladies or widows who give the tone to the intercourse in the parlours of Cranford, impart a deeper truth and a livelier pathos to the picture of their present monotonous elderly existence. Faint little chords of youthful sentiment still lie far down among the overgrowth of a Miss Matty's daily cares and nervous proprieties, ready to thrill to the step or the voice of a former lover. The reader is brought, as it were, at once into the fourth volume of a novel, or rather of many novels strung together. The stage of life which forms the usual matter of the ordinary three volumes has passed by for the principal personages of the picture, and is not come for the secondary ones. The moral to which the scene points is not as striking or as awful as that which is written on the front of Yorick's skull, or on the figures of Holbein's *Dance of Death*; but it is one of nearly as general applicability, and which should be almost as impressive. There must be a period in every one's story (if it lasts long enough) at which the hero or heroine of everybody's autobiography drops out of the buzz and summer of active life, and falls into the sere and yellow leaf which is the prevailing tint of *Cranford*. To paint such a period with truth and delicate minuteness for the amusement and instruction of all who care to study the painting, to mark with a clear but tender touch the various shades of growing elderly habits, gradually settling into



second nature, or creeping on towards morbid eccentricity, yet co-existing and intertwined with youthful purity and loveable softness of nature—in short, to place the portrait of Miss Matty in the atmosphere of Cranford—was a work well worth doing, and a work which could not have been done with more graceful unobtrusiveness than it has been by Mrs. Gaskell. However many other stories it might have been given her to write, she could hardly have surpassed the perfection of her own art in this instance, and she will not easily be surpassed by others.

The other tale by Mrs. Gaskell, of which we have spoken above as marking the opposite limit of her powers in story-telling to that occupied by *Cranford*, has before now been separately reviewed in our pages. We refer to it mainly as illustrating the considerable width and versatility of the talents which have gone from among us so suddenly. *Sylvia's Lovers* may affect various tastes very differently. Some readers will never lose the feeling that, with all its force and pathos, it is a very unpleasant story; and there are critics who lay down a positive canon that radically unpleasant stories had better be left unwritten. However this may be, it is impossible to read *Sylvia's Lovers* (as it is impossible to read Mr. Tennyson's poem upon the more or less similar subject of *Enoch Arden*) without the greatest admiration for the powers the book displays. It is as full of vivid and changeable passion, of swift and forcible incident, of carefully-woven plot, of human character in the full strength of youth and manhood acted upon by the absorbing motives of ordinary human life, as the special circle of *Cranford* is remote from all these things. Though it treats of nothing higher than Yorkshire tradesmen and farmers' daughters, it is a thoroughly tragic, even if it is not to be called a sensational, novel. And it has one special quality analogous to the genius which adds such charm to George Sand's lifelike and homely portraits of peasant manners and character in the outlying provinces of France. No one who has seen Whitby (the Monkshaven of *Sylvia's Lovers*) can fail to recognise the vivid accuracy of the local colouring, properly subordinated as it always is to the movement and interest of the story. Mrs. Gaskell succeeded in grasping with remarkable truth, and reproducing with forcible picturesqueness, the natural features of a very peculiar and unfamiliar district of English scenery. Little value is to be attached to the purely topographical details of a novel, except so far as their introduction is relevant to the incidents and characters of the tale. A story of the Monkshaven, or any other English seaport of to-day, brought nearer to the towns of the inland in manners, costumes, and interests, by the ease and velocity of railroad transit, would be independent to a great extent of local scenery. At the beginning of the century, the inland communications from the Yorkshire seacoast were lengthy enough to draw a sort of natural cordon co-extensive with the line of the bleak Yorkshire moors, and to stamp on the inhabitants of the Whitby dales an individual character, reflecting the habits and circumstances originating in the natural conditions of the district in which they were born and died. The long wind-swept ravines, reaching up from the sea to the moors, lying in such close parallelism to each other as to escape the eye of a stranger standing on the intervening ridges, or riggs, until he is close upon the declivity; their sheltered bottoms, rich with wood, and folding in the isolated farmhouses, so that close neighbours might live in absolute unconsciousness of each other's presence nearly the whole year round; the long piers stretching out far to seaward under the cliffs, and the hidden reefs of rock stretching out still further; all are material to the truth and reality of a tale like *Sylvia's Lovers*, as the "folded hollow of the down" is to the scenic vividness of the little port which bred the Laureate's unlucky sailor. Mrs. Gaskell could hardly have wished for a higher compliment to her thorough sense of art and her power of seizing upon the right objects on which to expend liberally her artistic labour with a view to the effect of her whole picture, than the assertion that her descriptive handiwork would bear comparison with that of Tennyson.

Whatever Mrs. Gaskell wrote, she felt and entered into most thoroughly. Indeed, her only faults in judgment as a writer may be said to have arisen from over-sympathy with the work upon which her thoughts were concentrated for the time being. If *Mary Barton*, or *North and South*, do give an oblique view of the life they profess to represent; if the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* was defaced at one point by a momentary oblivion of justice to others; if the error was the error of an enthusiastic woman, whose friendship had identified herself too unreservedly with everything relating to that of which she was writing. Where she rose to her highest point, Mrs. Gaskell not only showed a thorough mastery of her subject and her materials, but a judicial command over her feelings. By her death the world of letters has lost a thoroughly conscientious, industrious, pure-minded, imaginative, and vigorous artist.

#### THE REPORT OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE COMMISSIONERS.

THE first Report of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the Cattle Plague is now before the public. It is due to the Commissioners to acknowledge the promptness with which their onerous task has been despatched, and the comprehensive survey which they appear to have taken of past and present facts bearing on this abstruse but momentous subject. It is matter for regret, but not perhaps for surprise, that their practical suggestions to arrest or mitigate the disorder do not show a greater degree of unanimity. We pass by, for the present, their

historical résumé of the facts connected with the existing and with similar previous visitations, their theory of the disorder, and their review of the measures adopted by authority of the Privy Council—measures resting chiefly on a hardly efficacious machinery of inspection—in order to fasten on the fifth section of the Report, in which the recommendations of an immediately practical character are contained.

Here, unfortunately, we open at once on a divergency of views. Seven of the Commissioners recommend the immediate "suspending for a limited time the movement of cattle from one place in Great Britain to another," with power to "extend or shorten" the time in question, and to "renew the prohibition as often as circumstances may render necessary." They couple with this a suggestion for the confinement of the trade in foreign cattle to certain ports of disembarkation, where the animals should be slaughtered at once on their arrival. This would virtually convert the whole cattle trade, so far as regards the great centres of consumption, into a trade in dead meat. In advising this draconic method of combating the disorder, the seven Commissioners do not disguise from themselves the greatness of the sacrifice for which they call, or the amount of opposition which they are likely to provoke. Nor, indeed, were they likely to overlook this point, which was brought home to them *instantly* by the disagreement of their colleagues; whose view, that such a remedy would give rise to evils more embarrassing than the disease, is likely to be shared by no small portion of the public. As an alternative course, then, they recommend that all sales of lean or store stock, whether at fairs, markets, auctions, or otherwise, should, for a period similarly limited and extensible, be forbidden; whilst cattle for immediate slaughter might be moved to licensed slaughter-houses, under a license for transit to be granted by the magistrates in petty sessions, from which houses they should not again be removed alive. This alternative recommendation is coupled with certain regulations suggested for marking the beasts, and ensuring the butcher's attention to them speedily. They go even further, under this head, in the direction of permitting traffic in fat cattle, and would allow them to be sold at fairs or markets; but the animals, should, in that case, be branded or marked on entering, and either killed at once if sold, or accommodated, if not, in lairs immediately adjacent, and in no case leave such precinct save in the form of dead meat.

Before tracing the course of these suggestions further, it is important here to remark that they all appear to proceed on the theory that contagion is the sole method of propagating the disorder, including under contagion the dispersion of morbid matter by the atmosphere, for which a radius of at least a hundred yards is allowed. Theory here is closely linked with practice. On no other view could the method of treatment advised, short and sharp as it is, be radically effective. The efficacy of the most stringent code of isolation and immobility applied to herds is vitiated if they are capable of sickening on the spot where they stand by a virus locally generated. On this question, whether the disease could manifest itself otherwise than by means of contagion, it will be remembered that the Edinburgh Committee, whose Report we noticed in a recent article on the subject, cautiously abstained from any absolute expression of opinion. Even those members of the Commission who do not concur in advising the severe course of the first alternative seem, however, to withhold their concurrence on no such ground as any difference of theory on this head, but simply, as we have said, in consideration of the enormous practical difficulties which the attempt to enforce a system of absolute prohibition would encounter. These dissentients—besides Mr. McClean, who records a still wider dissent on different grounds—are Lords Spencer and Cranborne, Mr. Read, and Dr. Bence Jones. They say, as regards the summary measure proposed by their colleagues:—

We do not believe it to be practicable. It would involve an interference with the course of trade at variance with our national habits; and it would demand sacrifices from large numbers of people who are removed from the presence of the disease, and who will therefore not see the necessity for so stringent a measure. The sudden transformation of the enormous cattle trade by which the large towns are supplied into a dead-meat trade would involve difficulties and dangers of the most formidable kind. The foreign trade, which at this moment furnishes a considerable proportion of the meat consumed in the large towns, would also be seriously interfered with. The price of meat would in consequence rise materially and suddenly.

They anticipate evasion of regulations as the probable consequence of these difficulties, and that on a scale so extensive that the regulations had better not be made. They think, on the other hand, that the milder alternative, which forms the *pis aller* of their colleagues, "demands no greater sacrifice than will readily be made," and they therefore prefer to support it. Two of them, Lord Spencer and Mr. Read, would further mitigate even this milder course, by allowing, under the certificate of a justice of the peace to the effect that the beasts are free from disease, &c., the sale and removal of store stock also from farm to farm.

We are prepared to go a certain way with either of these two sets of advisers, and with one of them to concur almost entirely; but we cannot say that we see much force in the arguments urged by Mr. McClean in favour of letting ill alone. He thinks that to allow the disease to take its course is a comparatively insignificant evil; to fetter trade an unbearable one. He argues that "the importance of the cattle trade, as compared with the other branches of national industry, is much less in 1864 than it was in 1750," and he appears to draw from this the singular inference that to derange that trade is an evil of greater magnitude. He makes the strange statement that "it is impossible in

this populous country for the disease to spread to any great extent, as all beasts showing the slightest symptoms of disease would be immediately slaughtered by the owner for his own protection." And he says this in the face of a tabulated return of the results of the disease, which has been now for some weeks before the public, and which can only be trusted implicitly on its unfavourable side—namely, as showing, not the total of our loss, which is unknown, but the limit below which it cannot be put. From this return we learn that more than half the counties in England, Wales, and Scotland had been attacked, and that out of over 17,000 beasts known, up to October 21, to have been seized, nearly 8,000 had died, and nearly 7,000 had been killed. The supposed security that the owner's prudence would, as a rule, save him from a large part of his loss by "immediate slaughtering" is thus shown to be illusory, since the cases reported dead of the disease exceed those thus slaughtered in the proportion of about 8 to 7. But let us assume, as will readily be alleged, that Mr. McClean, when he speaks of the cattle trade as of less relative importance than it was in other days, means the home trade of our farmers and graziers merely; and that when he speaks of the derangement of trade as being graver, he means the foreign cattle trade. This, however, would be a view of the question the reverse of wide and comprehensive. There is some value in a race of beasts as well as in a race of men. Great efforts have been made to raise an improved breed, and no expense has been spared to produce a bovine type of the highest perfection possible under the conditions of soil, pasture, and the like. For all this Mr. McClean, it seems, cares not. It is for him wholly a consumer's question; and that the farmer should be ruined, and his choice stock swept away, are too insignificant incidents to disturb the equanimity of the economist. But further, the least stringent of the rules recommended by his colleagues would, while it lasted, so greatly embarrass the home trade as to give a powerful impulse to foreign traffic, on which it would lay the gentlest finger possible. Store stock, so to speak, would be sealed up throughout Great Britain; which condition of things would very soon affect the supply of fat beasts, and render it, from all home sources, more and more scarce and difficult. The foreigner, on the contrary, would be only told that all his horned produce would be welcomed, under the one condition that he landed it at specified ports, which might be selected as much with reference to his convenience as to our own. We do not hesitate to say that even the least stringent of these rules would operate as a premium to the foreign trader, and that the only embargo would be laid upon ourselves. We will only add that we cannot make out Mr. McClean's arithmetic. He computes, if the figures have been printed correctly, that while in four months 6,711 beasts have died of the disease, 1,000 per day, or 120,000 within the same period, have been on the average imported, "so that the gain to the country has been 166 sound cattle for each one that has died of the disease." Now, 120,000, instead of being 166 times 6,711, is rather less than 18 times that number. As at present advised, then, we prefer to read 18 for 166. The *Times*' leader of the 13th instant, however, swallows Mr. McClean's arithmetic whole.

We are inclined to give a decided preference to the milder alternative supported by the minority of the Commissioners. No doubt we should not, in adopting it, be acting wholly without risk. But what human precautions can, after all, be relied upon as absolutely efficacious? We trust chiefly to four things. First, the distinction between fat beasts and lean beasts is well understood, and familiar to the agricultural mind. Secondly, although it may be difficult to find medical inspectors whose diagnosis is up to the mark, it will be easy to find police inspectors who can see whether cattle are driven. Thirdly, an ox, or even a calf, is far too bulky a commodity to smuggle with facility. It must ordinarily pass along roads or lanes, and is apt to leave a trail. The few cases where a herd of store stock might be transferred to the pasture of a contiguous owner could not spread the disorder beyond the narrow limits of the transfer. Fourthly, where the measure of prevention involves, as we believe, "no greater sacrifice than will readily be made to arrest the progress of so serious an evil," it may be presumed that farmers, &c., will watch against each other to prevent infraction of the rule. On the other hand, where the farmer runs the risk, as under the existing "reign of terror" from inspectors, of having his whole stock massacred without compensation, he will strain every nerve to hush up a bad or doubtful case, and will find sympathy from his neighbours in doing so. For these reasons we think that the prohibition against moving lean beasts might work fairly enough side by side with the permission, under the limitations proposed, to move fat ones. We would add the suggestion that one part of the penalty for moving such store cattle should be that they be instantaneously slaughtered, and left to be sold for what they will fetch; and that it be in the power of the justices to apply the proceeds towards the increase of any local fund which may exist for insurance against honest losses.

On one point we cannot perceive the conclusiveness of the reasoning of the Commissioners. They say, "in principle a system of compulsory slaughter should be complemented by a system of compensation, and the objections to promising compensation to individuals out of the public treasury on an extensive scale appear to us insurmountable." The sense would seem to require "but" in place of "and." Waiving this, however, we observe that the individual is proposed to be compensated, not because he has been a loser, but because the community has at his expense been a gainer. Whatever the national damage may be of having the

rinderpest in the midst of us, its prevention or diminution is what we, the nation, gain, at the cost of the perhaps total ruin of some individuals. The notion of Government being allowed to commission a cattle-slayer in every district, as the Long Parliament commissioned a witchfinder for the realm, and of his deliberately going about and effecting a national insurance which shall cost the nation nothing, but shall reduce to poverty or beggary men, women, and children whose only crime is that they are unlucky, is too monstrous to be thought of. Compensation, be it observed, is only thought of where a Government agent acts under warrant of his office. Any farmer slaughtering on his private account must take the responsibility of the loss. It is idle to contend that evasions and clandestine arrangements can be effected by which all cattle affected with any disease whatsoever may thus be knocked on the head, and charged to the Government, as is said to have been the case in 1750. If that were so, of course an inspector's functions must cease *in toto*. We only contend that, so far as his functions have gone on, compensation should accompany them. Yet we are sorry to say that we see little chance of such a simple piece of justice as this being dealt to the sufferers, unless the question be dragged into the vortex of political partisanship. The Commissioners, however, have suggested, as part of their practical scheme, that inspection of this murderous character should henceforth cease.

#### PEACE WITH BHOOTAN.

THE news of peace with Bhootan is not to be regarded with unmixed satisfaction. True, it is satisfactory enough that the war is over, no matter how. It was entailing perpetual loss and discredit. The disaster of Dewangiri was only partially repaired, and our troops, condemned to occupy the lowlands of Bhootan instead of the hills as intended, wasted away through the summer. The expedition preparing for the coming winter's campaign was being got up on the most disproportionate scale. Still more, the still small voice of annexation had begun to make itself heard. In these facts, and in the general mismanagement that has characterized the whole business, there is reason for satisfaction that the mismanagement is at an end, although only through the end of the business itself. But the conclusion, being quite of a piece with the whole story, is not satisfactory. The events which had occurred made it, in many respects, most desirable that peace should only come after some decisive stroke in the heart of Bhootan. In its main object the late campaign had altogether failed. That object, as officially declared in Sir John Lawrence's proclamation of last November, was to occupy the low country of Bhootan, "with so much of the hill territory as would be necessary to guard the passes, including the forts of Dewangiri, Buxa, and Dalimkote." What has been the result? We did take up the line sketched easily enough, and occupy the forts, but unluckily we did not hold them. By superior generalship the enemy manoeuvred and fought us out of Dewangiri, and frightened the general in command from Bala, another of the posts we occupied. Our retreat from Dewangiri took the aspect of a rout. Of course there was an immediate rush of reinforcements to the rescue. European troops in ample numbers appeared on the scene; our lost positions were recaptured, and our line restored. But, for what reason we know not, there was a sudden change of plan. Contenting ourselves with the revenge we took at Dewangiri, we at once evacuated the place, and took up a post in the plains. This was most unfortunate. It may have been found that Dewangiri was not well placed for defence, that the approaching rains gave no time for preparation; but it was worth a great effort, after all that had occurred, that we should not appear to recede. As it was, the Bhootas very naturally said, since we did not hold Dewangiri, that it was fear of their valour which made us withdraw. Over the whole of our Indian Empire a loss of prestige was felt, and those who know India best testify to that evil as the most dangerous of all to our supremacy. Nor did the events of the summer following improve matters. Loss after loss occurred in the cantonments in the plains. The European officers were invalidated one after another; the bulk of the natives were laid up in hospital, and a large percentage died. If only the half of the story from Putlah Kowah be true, there has been in proportion no more fatal encampment since the French army was decimated in the Dobrudscha. Finally, among the latest news from India was the report that these posts in the plains had actually been given up. Our treaty of peace, following close at the heels of that event, will appear in the eyes of every native tribe on our Indian frontier an acknowledgment of defeat. It will be said we were afraid to fight. It is another loss of prestige. All this will be true, no matter what may be the terms of the treaty. Some strange reports in regard to the negotiations have appeared in the Indian press; statements that the treaty would include a continuance, if not an increase, of the tribute we paid these savages for their doars. If there is such a stipulation it would doubtless aggravate the disgrace. But, on the other hand, it is said there was no such condition proposed. Our ultimatum was to include the cancelling and redelivery to us of the treaty extorted from Mr. Eden, a formal apology by a Rajah at Calcutta, the surrender of our subjects carried off into slavery, and the *revendication* of the frontier line traced in the Viceroy's programme. These stipulations are unexceptionable—indeed, essential to any such treaty; and we shall hope for the best. They would have looked much better, however, if dictated in the capital of Bhootan instead of at the



gates into the hills. Another question remains. With whom is the treaty made? We assume, of course, that the redoubtable Tongsoo Penlow, as well as those puppets the Dhurm and Deb Rajahs, are parties to the treaty—in other words, that those who have the power are pledged. We can scarcely believe that even the Bengal Government would stoop to the folly of a sham peace with the enemy's "cloak," while the enemy himself was not bound.

The mention of this question, however, recalls to mind the mistake of our whole policy in Bhootan, as well as in many other States with which we have had little wars. Our treatment is ludicrously inconsistent. We exact from them the duties of civilized Powers, which they do not understand, but refuse them the privileges which civilized Powers enjoy. Here was a paltry frontier squabble with a nation of robbers, owning no central authority, or at least only nominal allegiance to one. Each petty chief, like a Highland chief of last century, made independent forays into the lowlands beside him. This was simply what we had to expect with such neighbours, and on our north-west frontier experience had taught us the remedy. It was to treat the robbers as robbers; never mind the nominal sovereignty of the Rajahs of Bhootan, but pursue the bands to their hills with irregular troops trained to such warfare—chastising every incursion, and extorting pledges of good behaviour. The robbers would very soon have found out that robbery did not pay. Instead of that, the paltry thefts and outrages become the groundwork of an international dispute. We seek redress from the Government of Bhootan, which has not the power to give us the redress we want. We receive and send envoys, and on our pressure the poor mock monarchs conclude treaties which, one after another, prove only waste paper. When the treaties are broken we make war, but then we change our plan. Instead of exacting satisfaction in the usual way in which civilized Powers make war—putting a pressure on the enemy till we get the terms we want—we begin by annexing their territory, and then ask for a treaty of peace. Doubtless the only safe plan is not to trust to treaties, but to take the law into our own hands, and check the evils we complain of in the readiest way. But this ought to be done at first, by retaliatory expeditions in the way we have described, and not, after useless parleying, by decrees of annexation which lay us open to the charge of territorial greed. It is stated that the Indian Secretary has forced on a peace, being determined to repress the expansive inclinations of the Bengal Government. He would not sanction the proposed expedition. Whatever risks and discredit, as we have seen, this course involves, it is better than leaving that Government to carry out their mischievous intentions; and it is to be hoped that, after finding out how distasteful their cherished plans are at home, they will henceforth be more dignified and consistent in their dealings with Bhootan and similar States; and, above all, will treat these frontier outrages as a matter of police.

The war is over, but we fear we have not heard the last of Bhootan. This trumphy affair, as Sir Charles Wood in his own contemptuous fashion styled it, has left behind a good deal of dirty linen to wash. The conduct of Mr. Eden in that fatal trip into Bhootan has not yet been discussed in Parliament; but it well deserves discussion. The Bhootan Blue Book makes it very doubtful whether there was any such dire coercion to make him sign the treaty we repudiate, as we have been told. The Embassy were grossly insulted; the signature of the treaty was demanded under threats; but the threats stopped very far short of putting the knife to Mr. Eden's throat. As described, the signature to the treaty appears very like a ruse to escape from dangers which Mr. Eden incurred contrary to orders, but which he had not courage enough to brave to the end. Not to speak of the mistakes in negotiating for which the authorities censured him, it seems strange that the unprecedented repudiation of a treaty which our authorised envoy signed has not been more closely inquired into. The conduct of the war itself will probably become the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry. The discussion it has awakened regarding the constitution of the native Indian army is necessary and profitable enough, but it is partly aside from the main question. The Indian Government are scarcely to blame for going to work with the materials they had, but they are responsible for properly measuring these materials for the work to be done. The failures at Bala and Dewangiri are proof positive of negligence and want of judgment in this respect somewhere. The materials used were insufficient. The officer who commanded at Dewangiri has been relieved of his command, but we doubt if he alone was to blame. The resolution not to hold the place after its recapture showed that General Tytler did not think it very tenable. Why was any officer left with a small force in an untenable position, remote from reinforcements? Such reinforcements as could have been sent, it has again been stated, were not ordered up as soon as they were demanded, and when the critical position of the garrison was manifest. The evacuation of Bala, disgraceful as that also was, does not appear to have been inquired into at all. Finally, the authors of the encampment at Putlah Kowah, the authorities who kept troops there to die long after the whole force was so weakened as not to be able to fight, have an account of themselves to give. If they had been English, and not native soldiers, a great outcry would certainly have arisen; but they were equally English subjects, equally in Her Majesty's service, and therefore entitled to our care. Here is a budget of inquiries for a new Parliament. We trust the members will be wise enough not to be led off the scent, which is

to find out the mischief-makers in the Indian Government, and by condign punishment make as sure as possible that such expensive bungling will not soon be repeated.

#### A MODEL FUNERAL SERMON.

IT must be particularly pleasing to a public man to reflect that, after his death, the question of his eternal salvation will be discussed in pulpits and freely advertised in the newspapers. Death may grin horribly a ghastly smile, but it cannot be other than a consolation to know that by the side, and in the style, of "Do you bruise your oats yet?" or, "Do you double up your perambulator?" will figure the rather more delicate question, "Is the great man's soul saved?" It keeps his memory sweet and wholesome among the survivors, and fills them with a pathetic concern for him. True, there has generally been a feeling, outside the Inquisition at least, that the state of a man's soul is a thing which concerns no human being but himself; that its salvation is a matter between himself and the Divine Judge; and that the rest of us, even if we had the wish to sit in the seat of judgment, can never by any possible ingenuity or labour be sure that we have the whole evidence in the case. Of course, this is a sorry squeamishness. Nobody but an indifferent and wicked Galileo could dream of allowing his neighbour to manage his own spiritual business, or, after that business was brought to its end for good or for evil, could refrain from pronouncing sentence of damnation or salvation. There are one or two injunctions in the Bible about judging another, but these, we presume, must be taken for the corrupt interpolations of a latitudinarian age. It is a very useful and interesting exercise to discuss the salvability of any common Tom and Harry of your acquaintance. It is even soothing to accost some chance person you may meet in a railway carriage or on the high road with the question, ingeniously framed on the playful mockery of the streets, "How's your poor soul?" But the golden opportunity is when some conspicuous public character passes out of the world. Here is a soul that is indeed worth talking about—a soul of quality.

It was not to be expected that Lord Palmerston's death would be allowed to pass without the occasion being improved in this delightful way. An Irishman of a certain sort would feel very uncomfortable if he allowed his friend to be buried in peace without the elegant ceremonies of the wake. And clergymen of a certain sort would feel that they had been shamefully wanting to their duty if they suffered an eminent man to die and be buried with merely a few words of decent regret. Hence the rather startling advertisement:—

#### THE PATRIOT PALMERSTON; WAS HE SAVED?

By R. W. DIBDIN, M.A.  
London: Nisbet & Co.

Surely the most penurious person would not grudge his modest sixpence to ascertain the answer to this truly momentous question. Unfortunately, the pious and reverent orator is more skillful in composing sensation advertisements than in solving the problem which they state. As he most justly says, "It is a deeply interesting question. Is Lord Palmerston among the few worldly great men who, when the trumpet shall sound, will arise not to everlasting shame and contempt, but to glory, honour, and immortality?" But the modest Dibdin can give us no sure answer. "My brethren, I stand as it were upon a precipice." This is very ominous. It makes the heart of the faithful quake with anxiety. Only, who placed Mr. Dibdin on the brink of the precipice? "I cannot presume to judge the dead," he says. Then why have asked the question? As a matter of fact, however, he does presume to judge the dead. He offers a number of considerations which would lead us to hope and trust that the patriot is saved, but he does not scruple to deal faithfully with us, and to tell us what there is to be said on the other side. First of all, "like most of the great, he had sadly neglected the saving truths of the Gospel in his younger days." Secondly, there are to be remembered against him "the sins of his youth." But then let us look to the creditor side of the account. "Salvation is of grace, and not of works." Still works count for something. In grace it is to be feared the late lamented statesman was weak; but in works he was magnificent. His chief title to a mansion in the skies is "his bestowment of Church patronage." "Wisely and persistently he rejected all High-Church candidates for promotion." Though he may have behaved amiss about Popery itself, "he always acted well concerning Papists in the United Church of England and Ireland." "He never countenanced for one single hour Papists within the National Church. He treated them as traitors to the Protestant Church which gives them bread." Then, again, still on the credit side, are sundry deans and other smaller fry. "Such bishops and deans have been made by Lord Palmerston as recall the memory of Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford, who taught and flourished in the days of godly Edward VI." Precisely. Dean Close recalls Ridley, much in the same way as the name of Dibdin may for the future recall the notions of Christian charity, and modesty, and reverence, and good taste, and knowledge of Church history. But, unhappily, at least one deanery and perhaps one archbishopric are on the wrong side of the account. "Some of his appointments from the *Infidel* or *Broad Church* party are among the worst that could be made." But our magnanimous viceroy of the Supreme Judge "lays no blame on him for this." "We must make two excuses." The infidels came to preferment "under the

mask of evangelicalism." They "disingenuously deceived a man not over-critical in matters of divinity." Poor simple-minded, guileless, Lord Palmerston! In the second place, some infidels were appointed "by the favour of those whose wishes Lord Palmerston could not control, for though the Prime Minister has very great power, there are voices which must be heard even by him." Of course this must be the voice of the Sovereign. And so we are brought to this. The Supreme Head of the Church is a supporter of infidels. The Supreme Head of the Church abuses her influence to lavish its dignities upon men who abhor the Church, men "favourable to infidelity, and opposed to God's truth and to the very word of God itself." What a decorous and most seemly *inundo!* However, the upshot is tolerably favourable. "We cannot but cling to the belief held by so many that the Lord had mercy upon him, though it may have been at the eleventh hour!" One item, by the way, ought not to be overlooked. "In his more private intercourse, wherein I have had the honour of speaking with him," we find that he was always "good-tempered," &c. We devoutly trust that our friend did not omit to "deal faithfully" with Lord Palmerston, to speak "a word in season"—what worldlings call a word out of season—to him on this favourable occasion. There is something wonderful in the pains which the godly take to let us know that they have shaken hands with a great man, whom at the time they verily believed to be straight bound in the broad path that leads to destruction.

After cursing his enemies and calling them bad names, such as Papist, traitor, and infidel, Mr. Dibdin goes on very naturally to bless his friends and himself. This nation is "a most ungrateful and sinful nation." While professing to be Protestant, it "is continually encouraging and paying Popery, and now, furthermore, fostering infidelity and Sabbath-breaking to an extent unknown since the Reformation." The period of the Restoration, it would seem, is no exception, nor the era of the first two Georges. Then the nation is gracefully compared to Sodom; and, as Sodom might have been spared had there been ten righteous found there, "so may this mighty Empire be saved from its just degradation and ruin by the prayers of the remnant, the inconsiderable number of evangelical Christians, who form a faithful body in the Church of England." So modest, so free from spiritual pride, so little puffed up or ready to vaunt himself! Anybody can detect at once the genuine ring of Christian meekness and charity and brotherly goodwill. Mr. Dibdin's followers must find Westminster Abbey the most dismal spot in the world. "Oh! my brethren, of that splendid array of names which cover the walls of that ancient abbey—kings, statesmen, warriors, divines, philosophers, and poets—it is a solemn thought how many, buried in honour and handed down from age to age for respect and admiration, must arise to everlasting shame and contempt!" Then, after refreshing himself with a text, he adds—"Seeing, then, that most of the inhabitants of that receptacle of the illustrious dead have been noble and mighty, it follows that by far the greater part have received all the honour they can receive to all eternity!" One would think this was enough, and that the wretches might be left to their doom. But no, we must be dealt faithfully with. "When they finished their brief and brilliant course upon earth, they came to the end of all their honours; for the future there is nothing but sorrow, anguish, remorse, and agony, the blackness of darkness for ever, the just wrath of a holy God," &c. &c. "So it must be with all but a comparatively few of those who are buried in that national burial-place." Even now Mr. Dibdin doubts whether he has conveyed with sufficient clearness his blessed message of damnation. With pious rapture he goes on gloating over the notion of what destruction means. "Everlasting shame and contempt—fire that shall never be quenched—anguish that shall never be assuaged—and remorse that never shall cease to gnaw their hearts through the endless ages of eternity." Such are the sweet tranquil thoughts with which the spectacle of death inspires this admirable divine. A man of common mould is filled with tender hope and brotherly love by the strains of the funeral march. An ordinary mortal is made softer and gentler as he thinks of the desolation of the hearth and the lonely stillness of the grave. But this is absurd weakness. Let us seize the occasion to remember that, though the body is still, the soul will be fiercely gnawed by remorse through all the ages of eternity in hell. Let us take the opportunity to denounce one set of men who differ from ourselves as traitors to their Church, and another as unbelievers and the foes of God. Let us menace our country with degradation and ruin. Let us do all we can to stir up the recollection of strife and division, of hatred and malice and ourings, in the world. O, incomparable Mr. Dibdin! O, most sweet-natured Christian!

#### THE LAW OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

IN a case which came before the Court of Queen's Bench during the present term, a passenger had taken a return-ticket from Ewood Bridge Station, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, to Salford and back. He went to Salford and back, but instead of getting out at Ewood Bridge he went on to the next station, Newchurch, where he got out and produced his ticket, and offered to pay the full fare from Ewood Bridge to Newchurch. The Company required him to pay the full fare from Salford, the terminus of their line, to Newchurch, and on his refusal proceeded against him before magistrates to recover a penalty of 40s. under one of their bylaws. The magistrates, however, refused to convict,

and the Company appealed against their decision to the Court of Queen's Bench. The material part of the bylaw on which the Company relied was in these terms:—

Any passenger not producing his ticket, or not delivering it up, will be required to pay the fare from the place whence the train originally started, and in default thereof he shall forfeit 40s.

The power to frame bylaws is given by the Railway Clauses Consolidation Act, but the bylaws must be reasonable, and not repugnant to the Act under which they are framed. The Act provides that, if any person shall travel in a railway carriage without having previously paid his fare, or, having paid his fare for a certain distance, shall proceed beyond such distance without having paid the additional fare, he shall forfeit 40s. But the Act annexes the condition that the non-payment of fare shall be wilful, and with intent to avoid payment. Now, in the case under consideration, there had been no intent to avoid payment; but, on the contrary, the passenger had tendered the fare for the additional distance travelled. If, therefore, the bylaw applied to such a case, the effect would be that, whereas the Act required a fraudulent intent to constitute a punishable offence under it, the bylaw dispensed with this condition and imposed a penalty where there had been no fraud. The Court considered that such a bylaw would be unauthorized by the Act, and therefore, if the Company were right in their construction of the bylaw, they had exceeded their statutory power in making it, and it would be invalid. But the bylaw appears to contemplate the case of a passenger who has a ticket and refuses to produce it, whereas in this case the passenger had no ticket to produce for the additional distance travelled; and therefore it might be contended that he had not infringed the bylaw. The Company was in this dilemma, that either the bylaw did not apply to the case, or, if it did, it was a bad bylaw because unauthorized by the Act. The Court, therefore, decided against the Company, and this decision will give general satisfaction; for if a passenger, through not hearing or not understanding the name of the station to which he had booked, when called out before he is fully awake by a porter imperfectly instructed in elocution, should happen to be carried beyond it, the annoyance of such an accident would be quite sufficient without the additional aggravation of having to pay for a distance over which he had not travelled. It is true that, in the case before the Court, the travelling over the additional distance was not accidental, but intentional; but if the bylaw applied to the one case it would apply also to the other. The Court of Queen's Bench deserves the gratitude of the travelling public for a decision which will have a salutary effect in mitigating the tyranny of railway companies. The officers of those companies seemed formerly to suppose that in every case of infraction, or supposed infraction, of any of their regulations, they had nothing to do but to give the offender into custody. A few years ago, a passenger about to start on his return journey took from a chimney-piece, by mistake, an old and useless return-ticket instead of his own; and thus having at the end of his journey no ticket to produce, and happening to have no money, he was handed over to the police and taken before a magistrate, who of course discharged him. In that case it was too plain for argument that the passenger had been wrongfully detained, and the only question made was, whether the Company had authorized its officers to detain him. There was a verdict against the Company, with exemplary damages, and the warning thus conveyed has made railway officials more cautious in interfering with the personal liberty of passengers.

Railway companies are sometimes defrauded, and in endeavouring to protect themselves against dishonesty they are too apt to put honest travellers to inconvenience. An example of this kind was afforded by another recent case in which Mr. Jennings, the well-known trainer of racehorses, brought an action against the Great Northern Railway Company. Mr. Jennings was returning, with a string of horses and their attendant boys, from Lincoln races to his training quarters at Newmarket. He took a first-class ticket for himself and third-class tickets for the boys, who were to ride, as usual, in the horse-boxes. The train, being very long, was divided into two parts. Mr. Jennings, who had in his possession the boys' tickets as well as his own, was sent on in the first part of the train; and then the boys, who were in the second part, were called upon to produce tickets, and, having none to show, they were turned out, and the horses were sent on without them. Mr. Jennings, being informed by telegraph of what had occurred, engaged men at an intermediate station to take charge of the horses, and he brought his action to recover the expense thus incurred. The judge who tried the case directed the jury, under these circumstances, to find a verdict for the plaintiff, and this ruling has been upheld by the Court of Queen's Bench in the present term. The excuse offered by the Company for the conduct of their officer was that boys frequently rode in horse-boxes without paying for tickets; and it appeared that on this occasion there were some boys in the boxes for whom nobody had taken tickets. But that was a matter which did not concern Mr. Jennings. The bylaw on which the Company in this case relied provided that "no person shall be entitled to travel without having paid his fare and obtained a ticket"; but the Court said that the Company had chosen to make a contract with the master, and had given the tickets to him, and had then separated the train, and thus prevented the boys from producing their tickets.

It often occurs that the fares to the terminus of a railway are kept down by competition, while the fares to intermediate stations, where there is no competition, are higher than those charged to



the terminus. It was an obvious device of passengers to take a ticket for the terminus and give it up at an intermediate station; and although the Companies attempted to inflict penalties in such cases, they were unsuccessful; for the Courts held that a passenger was clearly entitled to waive part of a contract which was for his own benefit. In order to avoid the inconvenience of this decision, the Companies have adopted the plan of printing on the ticket that it is only available for the station named on it. A passenger would be ill advised who attempted to use such a ticket for an intermediate station. It is not always safe to resist the enforcement of regulations which appear unnecessary, and are felt to be annoying. A holder of a season-ticket, who was probably well known upon the line, felt aggrieved at being required to produce his ticket, and refused to do so. He was summoned before magistrates under a bylaw, and convicted in a penalty, and the Court of Queen's Bench upheld this conviction, although it was contended that, as the passenger had entered into a contract with the Company "to produce his season-ticket or pay the ordinary fare," the bylaw was superseded by this contract.

There remains one more case, decided during the present week, which perhaps concerns railway travellers more generally than any that have been already noticed. An action was brought by a master mariner against the South-Western Railway Company, to recover the value of a nautical chronometer, lost on a journey from Jersey to London by steamer and railway. The plaintiff, on arriving by steamer at Southampton, carried the chronometer in his hands to the railway station, and went with one of the porters to a railway carriage, and the porter put it inside on a seat, and then both of them left it to go and look after the rest of the plaintiff's luggage. On their return, after an absence of about a quarter of an hour, the chronometer was missing, and it had never since been found. If we substitute for the chronometer a writing or dressing-case, we shall have exactly such a state of circumstances as any person might be placed in. The Court of Queen's Bench felt, at the opening of the argument, some doubt whether the article at the time of the loss was in the custody of the Company. They asked whether the plaintiff had not voluntarily withdrawn the article from the care of the Company's servants, and himself assumed the care of it, desiring it to be placed in the carriage in order that it might remain in his own personal care. But, after hearing the plaintiff's counsel, the Lord Chief Justice said that all that took place was, that, by the desire of the plaintiff, the porter placed the chronometer in the railway carriage. There may be circumstances in which a passenger who has luggage—which by the terms of their contract the Company are bound to convey to the place of his destination—may release the Company from their obligation as carriers for its safe custody by thus taking it into his own personal charge; but the circumstances must be such as clearly to bring the case within that principle. "It is not because the article is, by the common consent of the passenger and the Company, placed in a carriage along with the passenger, that therefore the Company are to be relieved from their obligation as carriers for safe custody." There could not be a more distinct enunciation of a rule which railway passengers will regard as highly beneficial. The only drawback to the satisfaction with which the public will regard this decision will be caused by the consideration that it was given without hearing the Railway Company, which, both on its own account and on account of other Companies, was deeply interested to contest it. The Court decided in favour of this Company on another point which was fatal to the plaintiff's claim, and so it happened that their counsel were not called on to address the Court, and had no opportunity of endeavouring to revive that doubt which the Court confessed to have felt at the outset of the case. However, it is not likely that any amount of argument would have shaken this, which we may venture to call a very reasonable decision of the Court. There might perhaps have been some question raised whether a chronometer was "ordinary luggage," for which the Company ought to be responsible. The plaintiff's counsel asked, why might not a mariner go about with his chronometer as well as a barrister with his wig and gown? But from the manner in which the case came before the Court it was unnecessary to pursue this question. It may be assumed that, if any similar case should arise, the judges will give to the words "ordinary luggage" a liberal interpretation; and, generally speaking, railway passengers may carry their grievances before the Court of Queen's Bench in confidence that they will be heard with sympathy by those who "from their own have learned to feel another's woe." The wisdom of our ancestors ordained circuits, of which a modern result is that the judges feel as much interest as the public in railway management.

## REVIEWS.

### MISS BERRY'S JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.\*

(Second Notice.)

SINCE the publication of a former notice of Miss Berry's Journals, Lady Theresa Lewis also has gone "to join the many." Her departure will leave a painful vacancy in the large circle of her acquaintance. The tact and good sense of her literary

compilation but inadequately represent her personal gifts, for she possessed the intellectual gaiety and playfulness of imagination which, in her criticism on Miss Berry's character, she justly described as the conditions of pleasant conversation. Of her graver qualities this is not the occasion to speak; but, in noticing her record of the social life of a bygone generation, it is natural to pay a passing tribute to the memory of one of the brightest ornaments of contemporary society. She may, perhaps, have lived long enough to take pleasure in the popularity of her recent publication.

"It is not to be wondered at," she said, "that Miss Berry felt the praise (of her edition of *Madame du Deffand's Letters*) by no means equal to the pains she had bestowed on her task, and the labour it had cost her. But such is the natural position of the editor of another person's writings. It may be a work of patience, of research, of candour, and of judgment; but it is not an original work, and he has no claim to the fame which may be attached to the author whose writings he has thus been the means of bringing to light." No competent judge will undervalue Lady Theresa Lewis's share in the merit of the volumes which she has published. Her exercise "of patience, of research, of candour, and of judgment" has organized an unwieldy mass of papers into an interesting biography. The notes, and the passages of connecting narrative, are remarkable for accuracy and for unobtrusive good taste; and the skill which has been employed in the selection of materials might be illustrated by comparison with the *Memoirs* of a lady who in the preceding generation occupied a similar position to that which was afterwards held by Miss Berry. Mrs. Delany, whose extreme age coincided with Miss Berry's early youth, enjoyed like her successor, for fifty or sixty years, the acquaintance or friendship of many of her most eminent contemporaries. The letters which she wrote and received, though they are seldom remarkable for ability, are often interesting as records of former modes of thought, and they are not unfrequently interspersed with notices of famous persons and of historical events; but the published collection is almost unreadable in consequence of its extravagant bulk, and it is made ridiculous by the blundering and indiscriminate enthusiasm of an admiring editor. It is no discredit to any woman to indulge occasionally in domestic twaddle, but it is unfair to call public attention to her disquisitions on servants, on babies, and on headaches. Even the strong-minded Miss Berry may perhaps have occasionally condescended to minute household gossip, but, more fortunate than Mrs. Delany, she has been allowed to order dinner and to make her toilet in private. A legitimate curiosity attaches to the correspondence of the elder lady with Swift, and to the conversation of the younger with Horace Walpole or Byron; but the intelligent reader shrinks from Mrs. Delany's opinion that her little nephew ought periodically to be whipped, notwithstanding an elaborate editorial argument in favour of the same vigorous discipline.

In the second volume of the Correspondence Miss Berry appears as a popular member of the best society, confiding sometimes to her journal or to some intimate friend her imaginary weariness of the life to which all her efforts and aspirations really tended. The great disappointment of her former years served her occasionally as the subject of meditative regret. In 1802, during the performance of "an admirable ballet" at the Paris Opera, she heard of the death of General O'Hara, to whom she had been engaged six years before. "Of the ballet," she says, "I saw little more," and during the next day, which was Saturday, she lay in bed with a nervous headache. On the Sunday she drove through the Bois de Boulogne, and was agreeably impressed by the gaiety of the crowd, and in the evening she went to Cambacérès's assembly. Monday evening saw her once more at the Opera, and on this occasion her observation of the ballet was not disagreeably interrupted. Probably most women, when the first shock was past, would be easier in mind after the death of a faithless lover. During the same visit to Paris, Miss Berry was presented to the First Consul, and she gives an animated description of his appearance and manner. As Bonaparte walked round the circle he addressed every lady in turn, inquiring of one whether she rode, and of another how she liked the opera:—

My turn happening to come before Mrs. Damer's, he asked me if I had been long in Paris. "Plus de trois semaines." "Comment trouvez-vous l'Opéra?" or "Êtes-vous contente de l'Opéra?" "Oh! bien beau, mais nous avons tant vu l'Opéra." He seemed to feel by my answer that he might have addressed us better; but, totally ignorant who either of us was, he knew not how to change the subject, and continued it with Mrs. Damer by asking, "Si nous avions d'aussi bons danseurs en Angleterre?" "Oh non, nous en faisons venir d'ici." "Cependant vous avez une bien belle voix; c'est Madame Billington, je l'ai entendue en Italie." "Oui assurément, elle a une très-belle voix, et c'est une Anglaise." "Oui, c'est une Anglaise, mais elle a épousé un Français et étudié en Italie, de manière qu'elle appartient aux trois nations." And so he passed on to the next person, who happened to be a Russian, and repeated the same royal inquiry, "Si elle montait à cheval?" which put me laughably in mind of the "Do you get out" of St. James's.

Miss Berry's slight feeling of irritation at the First Consul's commonplace address is highly natural and amusing. He was, unluckily, not aware that Mrs. Damer had come to Paris for the purpose of presenting him with her bust of Mr. Fox. He would probably have been glad of a special topic of conversation, for, notwithstanding Miss Berry's dissatisfaction, neither genius nor royalty can suggest sixty original remarks to as many ladies who are perfect strangers. It is always pleasant, with the aid of an authentic reporter,

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jig.

\* Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

Miss Berry formed a favourable opinion of the First Consul's appearance, although she gave him insufficient credit for his ingenious transition from the subject of dancing to Mrs. Billington's cosmopolitan voice:—

Bonaparte himself was in his undress consular uniform, but with silk stockings and small buckles. His hair is very dark, and cropped much shorter than it appears on any of his busts, and it does not lie well or smoothly on his head. He by no means struck me as so little as I had heard him represented, and as, indeed, he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, which gives his figure importance. His complexion, though pale and yellow, has not the appearance of ill-health. His teeth are good, and his mouth, when speaking, as I saw him, in good humour, has a remarkable and uncommon expression of sweetness. Indeed, his whole countenance, as I saw him in this circle, was more that of complacency and of quiet intelligence than of any decided penetration and strong expression whatever. The Man of the Parade and the Man of the Circle has left a totally different impression on my mind, and I can hardly make the two countenances (one of which I saw so imperfectly) belong to the same person. His eyes are light grey, and he looks full in the face of the person to whom he speaks—to me always a good sign. Yet, after all I have said of the sweetness of his countenance, I can readily believe what is said—that it is terrible and fire-darting when angry or greatly moved by any cause.

The portrait does credit to Miss Berry's powers of observation and description, and it is not difficult to reconcile it with the earlier pictures of Napoleon. A letter from Sir William Gell, which is in other respects interesting, refers to an imaginary resemblance which was probably suggested by a natural though remote association. Dining with Marshal Beresford at his house in Portugal in the autumn of 1810, Sir W. Gell tells Miss Berry that it was "my good fortune to meet with Lord Wellington, the greatest man in his day, at dinner, the very first day. He is no other than a Bonaparte, so strong a likeness, but with better colour; and more merriment I never saw. He has none of the airs of a great man at the head of 100,000 men—all life and good-humour." At the time, Lord Wellington was holding the lines of Torres Vedras against Massena, and, according to Sir W. Gell, "the situation of our army is that of country gentlemen in homes which look as if the inhabitants had built them on purpose for the occasion, and kindly left them to us."

You would think Lisbon as quiet as any place could be, with operas and plays every night; but the camp is a still more curious species of tranquillity: everybody seems to do as they like; people ride all over the country; many officers come to Lisbon. Lord Wellington goes to Mafra, and gives a grand dinner and ball; and in short all seems like peace; but I believe underhand everything is so well settled, foreseen, managed, and planned, that every one knows what is to be done at a moment's warning, and under all circumstances.

One of the many advantages of living in the world is that in the course of years private members of society unavoidably come, by themselves or through their friends, across the main stream of history. Among her numerous correspondents Miss Berry counted one or two whose opinions are worth preserving, and in some of the letters which she wrote and received there are passages almost as curious as the discovery of a likeness between Wellington and Napoleon. Sir Uvedale Price of Foxley reports an anecdote which, if his authority could be trusted, would solve the most curious of modern historical puzzles:—"One circumstance mentioned in these verses" (an ode by Sir U. Price, fortunately no longer extant, on the burning of Moscow) "is strikingly confirmed by what my nephew, Lord Tyrconnel, was an eyewitness of; he saw the late Governor of Moscow set fire to his own magnificent palace." The most careful inquirers have long inclined to the opinion that Moscow was set on fire by accident, while it is a doubtful point whether French or Russian stragglers were answerable for the conflagration. Count Rostopchin, who was Governor, protested to the end of his life that he was innocent of an act which his own countrymen, in spite of the opinion of foreigners, persistently regarded as a crime. He was, nevertheless, induced or compelled to pass his later years in England, in consequence of the unpopularity which attached to his supposed exploit. If Lord Tyrconnel really saw him in the act of setting fire to his palace, the general suspicion would be confirmed by direct proof of his patriotic audacity. As, however, the fire caused Napoleon but little inconvenience, it may still be doubted whether the hearsay evidence of Sir Uvedale Price can be accepted as decisive. Miss Berry, as a zealous Whig partisan, was far more anxious for the dismissal of the Tory Ministers than for the successful prosecution of a war which her friends denounced as hopeless. Her prejudices were perhaps shaken by a sagacious letter which she received at the beginning of 1811 from Mr. Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, then Ambassador at Lisbon. In answer to Miss Berry's gossip about the Regent and his Ministers, Mr. Stuart expresses his regret that public attention is directed rather to "parish business in England" than to the course of events in the Peninsula:—

It is not Portugal merely we are defending, but we are training and forming an army accustomed to war on the great scale. . . . On this ground I should be sorry that any change in England induced people to give up the game here. We have a fair equal chance, and if the new or the old Minister will allow us to fight it out, I am very well convinced that we shall get through the business more honourably and advantageously than we have any reason to expect.

A conviction that things will turn out better than there is any reason to expect is not expressed with logical accuracy, but Mr. Stuart's statesmanlike foresight is more important than his epistolary style.

The unlucky Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, was for some time intimately acquainted with Miss Berry. The first presentation at Mr. Hope's house was not altogether promising, for the Princess "saw, when I (Miss Berry) did not suppose she did,

the mien I made to Lady Sheffield when she first proposed it to me, which I changed for a proper Court face the moment I saw her looking, and the thing inevitable." The annoyance caused by an awkward situation prompts a graphic description of the Princess's appearance as she danced. "Such an exhibition! But that she did not at all feel for herself, one should have felt for her. Such an over-dressed, bare-bosomed, painted-eyebrowed figure one never saw. G. Robinson said she was the only true friend the Prince of Wales had, as she went about justifying his conduct." With all her faults, the Princess of Wales was eminently good-natured, and, if she had observed Miss Berry's backwardness in paying homage, she readily forgave the offence. They sometimes met in society; Miss Berry was invited to Blackheath; and she became the intimate friend of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who was a principal member of the little Court at Kensington. The favour of the Princess was not without its drawbacks, for the Regent could scarcely be expected to approve the friend of his detested wife. It would perhaps have been heroic to despise a domestic tyrant, but Miss Berry was superior to the affectation of indifference to Royal notice. If her account of the Prince's demeanour at a party of Lady Hertford's is accurate, he repaid the involuntary kindness of the Princess by justifying her conduct in turn. The passage is curious as a proof that, in 1811, a Prince might appear in society drunk without exciting either surprise or serious disapprobation:—"The Regent looked wretchedly swollen up, with a muddled complexion, and was besides extremely tipsy—gravely and cautiously so. I happened to be a good while in the circle; and he at last gave me a formal grave bow, with *Kensington* legible on it." Miss Berry was not singular in allowing petty vexations to influence her personal descriptions. There is a natural and almost legitimate pleasure in denouncing a "painted-eyebrowed figure" who has seen what she was not intended to see, and in penetrating the "grave and cautious" disguise of a tipsy Prince Regent who barely condescends to recognise a lady's existence by a significantly resentful bow. There is, however, no reason to doubt that the Prince was drunk at Lady Hertford's, and probably his wife may have painted her eyebrows. Artificial colouring of the cheeks seems to have been considered unobjectionable, for Miss Berry on one occasion says that the Princess Charlotte, then about sixteen, would have looked very striking if she had worn a little rouge. Her mother was probably coarse and careless in the practice of cosmetic art, as in all other offices of life. When Lord Malmesbury was sent to negotiate the Royal marriage, the Duchess of Brunswick was silly enough to boast that her daughter could dress in half an hour, or in some incredibly short time. The courtly Ambassador thought it right to hint, with the utmost delicacy of which the case admitted, that Her Royal Highness's time could scarcely be better employed than in a complete and careful toilet of at least double that length. His remonstrance was unheeded, and perhaps not understood, and consequently the Prince was disgusted with his slovenly bride before the marriage ceremony was finished. Miss Berry, who knew nothing of Lord Malmesbury's early experience, repeatedly complains of the hurry in dressing which indicated a serious moral obliquity. Visitors at Blackheath were sometimes kept in conversation by the Princess long after half-past six, and she was ready for dinner at seven. Of the Princess Charlotte, as a young girl, Miss Berry had little opportunity of judging, except from her personal appearance and manner. Her complexion had been injured by the small-pox, but "a finer girl of fifteen one seldom sees, with an open lively countenance, and well-cut expressive features." A few months later, "she was much grown and improved; her mouth is less pleasing and less resembling her father's than it was; but her bust is perfect; her head not too large, and well placed; has much intelligence in her countenance, though the expression is not very agreeable; her walk is dreadful, but I think it is only foolish affectation, which will cure itself." Miss Berry, with her usual good sense, disapproved of the restraints imposed on the poor girl, who was sent away with her governess at ten o'clock. Her observation had taught her the folly of prolonging the period of childhood, especially in dealing with the presumptuous heiress of the Crown. "She knows no creature but the Royal Family and their attendants; she has never yet seen a play or an opera; and whenever she is her own mistress, what must be her first idea but to satiate herself with pleasures which every other girl of fifteen is beginning to appreciate at their just value, provided they are not entirely new to them." The Regent's neglect and jealousy had subjected the Princess Charlotte to the disadvantages which in private families are more often imposed by excessive maternal solicitude. It must be admitted that Miss Berry is somewhat arbitrary in the period which she assigns to the ignorant innocence of childhood. She had herself not survived all illusions till she had reached the mature age of twenty-three; and it is perhaps unnecessary for a girl at fifteen to have exhausted excitement, and to have learnt by experience the hollowness of pleasure.

Scarcely a page of the Diary can be opened in which attention is not drawn to some celebrated name. On the 3rd of May, 1812, Miss Berry met Mr. Peel, "who spoke so well in the House of Commons"; and remarked that he had a very agreeable countenance. Four days afterwards, at an evening party, she had half an hour's conversation with Lord Byron. "He is a singular man, and pleasant to me, but I very much fear that his head begins to be turned by all the adoration of the world, especially the women." On the following day, Miss Berry, with unconscious self-satisfaction, regrets that Sir George Beaumont, "with all his



natural taste, is sadly misled by the dogmas of Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c. About the same time Professor Playfair writes from Edinburgh to announce that he is about to accompany a favourite pupil to London:—"I shall request to be permitted to introduce Lord John Russell to you. He is one of the most promising young men I have ever known." A year earlier, at a dinner at Mr. Rogers's, "Thomas Moore sang a good deal—his own Melodique, a thing with words of his, set to old music, which had been rehearsed on the stage at Dublin, something in the style of Collins's Ode. I thought little of it, though he both rehearses the words and plays the music admirably." At Mrs. Apreece's (afterwards Lady Davy), Miss Berry discussed with Malthus the Essay on Population, which she had read and appreciated on its first appearance many years before:—"All these ideas I have long (in 1798) entertained. In all his reasonings on them I perfectly coincide." It would have been prudent to remain satisfied with the credit of anticipating Malthus, instead of proceeding to enunciate some economical propositions, with a confident assertion that no apparent contradiction by experience "can diminish one jot from their immutability." Mr. Malthus would have been surprised to learn that "the nation which habitually imports, instead of exporting, corn will be subject to severe scarcities." Her partial comprehension of the true theory proves her natural acuteness, while the presumption of her dogmatic conjectures is harmless and venial.

On subjects of which she was more competent to judge, her opinion is often valuable and instructive. One entry in her Diary contains an excellent and discriminating little essay on a subject which has often of late been superficially discussed. She had found an old friend

In a small uncomfortable home, surrounded by a number of ugly, ill-mannered children, and a silly idle husband; the smallness of their fortune depriving her children of those means of education which she has not in her power to supply, and depriving her husband of those means of expense which can alone hope to conceal and make passable in the world a character like his. The same smallness of fortune, crowding them inconveniently together, makes their manners hardly amiable to each other, and not at all to their friends.

Severe critics might object that "means of expense" can scarcely "hope to conceal" any kind of character, but a ladylike rapidity of transition, in which Miss Berry often indulges, is compatible with perfect good sense. Modern disputants who have engaged in the controversy whether marriage is possible on three hundred a year have too often assumed that material privations are in all cases equally tolerable or equally fatal to happiness. The home of genteel poverty is necessarily small and uncomfortable, but the children are by no means uniformly ugly, and sometimes they are not ill-mannered. The silly idle husband or the silly idle wife may, as Miss Berry suggests, pass through the world with credit, if their tediousness and weakness are diluted by external society, and relieved by luxury. Many frivolous characters are "made passable" by a large house, and a large circle of acquaintances; and, except in a few instances, inconvenient crowding produces a bad effect on manners as well as on comfort. The pre-eminent advantage of wealth consists in abundance of room for solitude, for conversation, and, above all, for a selection of society. The familiarity which results from the confinement of half a dozen persons to a single sitting-room breeds weariness as well as contempt. In one case only Miss Berry allows that poor marriages are desirable or happy. The case of her unlucky friend was that "of what is commonly called a love-marriage upon a small fortune, but which I call an ill-judged inconsiderate union formed between two persons incapable of the invigorating influence of a really great attachment, and perfectly unequal either to meet, or to make the best of, the ills they entail on themselves and on their children." The invigorating influence of a really great attachment furnishes the true test, not only because it obliterates the sense of petty troubles, but because it implies a general vigour and loftiness of character. Passing romance is all but universal in youth, but sustained enthusiasm alone is proof against the evils of the proverbial or typical three hundred a year. If those who are conspiring to form "love-marriages" were open to the words of wisdom, they would do well to consider Miss Berry's negative and positive doctrine. Few persons had in middle life seen so much of society, and her experience had still to ripen by intercourse with a third or fourth generation.

(To be continued.)

#### SOCIAL LIFE IN FORMER DAYS.\*

CAPTAIN DUNBAR has given a somewhat ambitious title to his book. The confiding purchaser who expects to obtain in it an exhaustive work on "social life in former days" will be disappointed when he finds it contains merely a collection of letters, many of them of little or no interest, written for the most part by commonplace persons of no great distinction, and eked out by a few tavern bills and municipal records. Still, as a contribution to the stock of materials from which the historian of the last century has to be supplied, the book has its value, and its compiler deserves considerable credit for the manner in which he has done his work. Its contents are well arranged, the twaddle in which editors sometimes indulge has been eschewed, and a most copious index saves the reader from all unnecessary trouble.

\* *Social Life in Former Days, chiefly in the Province of Moray.* Illustrated by Letters and Family Papers. By E. Dunbar Dunbar, (late) Captain 21st Fusiliers. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1865.

The gentlemen of Morayshire, a hundred years ago, appear to have led for the most part quiet and pleasant lives. They were poor, but they did not feel their poverty, the wealthy Southron not having yet discovered their retreats and come to flaunt his magnificence before their envious eyes. They had little need of money, for their estates provided for most of their wants, and they seldom wandered far beyond the confines of their properties. They were ignorant, but their want of education did not trouble them in the least, for they scarcely ever came into contact with the superior learning and wisdom of the outer world; their correspondence was extremely limited, and the newspapers which supplied them with information were not of a nature to arouse them to a sense of their deficiencies. They lived and moved in a narrow circle of friends and kinsmen, daily beating the same dull round of thought and deed, busied from seed-time till harvest with the operations of the farm, and devoting the winter days to the sports of the field, and its evenings to steady and respectable drinking. The Morayshire laird of that time does not appear to have been a very intellectual or otherwise interesting specimen of the landed-proprietor class, but he was in general a thrifty, sensible, hard-headed man, honourable and honest, proud of his pedigree, but not to an insufferable extent, tolerably free from blame in his domestic relations, sincerely attached to his religion, and capable of standing a prodigious amount of liquor.

With respect to his manners and customs, a good deal of information may be gleaned from the book now before us. If we have nothing that is absolutely new, and little that is remarkably striking, there is much that is interesting even to the few who are well acquainted with the subject, and that will be novel to the many who know little about it. The letters which Captain Dunbar has collected have no intrinsic merit, but, as here and there, they throw a light on the half-forgotten habits of past generations, it is worth our while to use them in looking back to the days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. Most of them were written during the first half of the last century, but some are of a rather earlier date. They thus range over the space contained between the troublous time which preceded the Union and that which followed the Rebellion of '45. Political affairs, however, occupy but little space in them, the battle of Culloden being the only event of any importance to which they refer at any length.

The Morayshire laird appears to have enjoyed his life, and to have deserved his enjoyment. He had plenty of occupation, and was little acquainted with such complaints as indigestion or *ennui*. No doubts or obstinate questionings troubled his brain unless they referred to his crops or his cellar; he probably remained from his birth till his death unconscious that he possessed a liver; and the miscarriage of a courtship was never likely to break his heart, unless the object of his affections was possessed of an exceptionally large dowry. To a sportsman—and every laird belonged to that class—life must always have been blissful while game and fish were as abundant as these letters show they were in Morayshire. Sir Harry Innes writes in 1716 to a friend, "You will not, I hope, be displeased when I tell you that Wat Stronoch, this forenoon, killed eighteen hundred salmon and grilse. . . . I know not but they may kill as many before two in the morning, for till then I have the Raick, and to-morrow the Pott"—those being celebrated pools in the Spey, near Garmouth. Fish was cheap in those days, fresh salmon being worth about a penny a pound, and a salted codfish costing a little less than threepence. Now and then a whale was to be caught, and we have several documents relating to a venture in oil and spermaceti, in which some of the Morayshire gentry had a share. Four whales were stranded and secured on the Burghhead Sands in November, 1729, but the adventurers suffered a dead loss of more than fifty pounds. Whale-fishing may have been exciting, but it certainly was not profitable.

At the close of his day's sport, the laird was able to regale himself at a moderate expense. In the year 1710 the prices of provisions at Elgin were settled by the magistrates at rates of which the following are specimens—"Ane good hen at two shilling scotts . . . fourteen eggs for ane shilling scotts; fourteen haddock for ane shilling six penies scotts . . . fourteen whittings for ane shilling scotts . . . muirfowl and partridge at two shilling scotts the pair . . . ane goose at eight shilling scotts; duck and drake, wild or tame, at four shilling." It must be remembered that "ane shilling scotts" was worth about one penny of our money. From a tavern bill, dated January, 1700, we find that "a pynt brunt wine" cost at an inn about three shillings sterling, and a "pynt of Jaugo" one and threepence. "Two sack possets" are charged at eight shillings, "four ounce of sugar to a pynt of sack" cost fourpence, and "four pynts brunt aquavite" eleven shillings. A wine merchant's charges in 1742 appear to have been—for "strong old claret" fourteen shillings the dozen, and for "smaller old claret" twelve shillings; sherry cost fourteen shillings a dozen, and brandy twelve. Five dozen of "ale, strong and small," are put down for five shillings in a bill of that date sent in by an Elgin tradesman, who also supplied eggs at a penny a dozen, hens at fourpence each, and ducks at sixpence, twelve chickens for sixteenpence, "a leg of beef" for six shillings, "a side of mutton" for five, and "pigeons, partridges, marrow tarts, and apples, and a hare and cod," all for the moderate sum of five shillings. The gentry often smuggled their wine and brandy, and so got them at even lower rates, as appears by a letter from Duncan Forbes, the great President of the Court of Session, soundly rating the magistrates for taking part

in such illegal proceedings, and desiring to know how each justice behaved, that he might learn whom he "ought to detest and avoid as a scoundrell." Dunbar of Thunderton, the chief personage in the present volume, got into trouble on account of his partiality for smugglers, being taken to task by the solicitor for the Customs, a Mr. Eyre. A friend contrived to have the affair amicably settled, remarking, in the letter which gives an account of it:—"This matter has stood the most drinking (and also some considerable charges) that ever I drunk in any other, for tho Eyre be a gentlemanie prettie little fellow, yet he drinks lyke a d—l, and I have had many sore heads with him."

Leading an active life, constantly in the open air, and seldom poring over miserable books, the country gentleman of that day seems to have enjoyed excellent health, but the ladies of his family appear to have been frequently in the doctor's hands, as a few of the letters in Captain Dunbar's collection testify. Some of the items in the bill sent in to the Laird of Thunderton by Kenneth Mackenzie, "Chyr Aporie" in Elgin, are somewhat singular, including "ane cephalick powder," "ane pott of ane elecuary," "three masticatory balls," "ane bottle juices," "ane hypnotick," "ane gargarium," and "two ounces oxycrocon," all supplied for the benefit of the lady of the house. His daughter, in another paper, is recommended to swallow five gilded pills "in the morning by themselves, tumbling them doune her throat with ane mouthful of cold ale"; and "ane hysterik cordiall julep" is sent to his wife, with directions that, after taking it, she is to "walk and take snuff, or what may provoke sneezing." It may have been a consequence of such treatment, or it may have given rise to the necessity for it, that the ladies of that period were more intellectual and better educated than the gentlemen. Some of their letters show that they could appreciate the charms of literature, and that they indulged in other ideas beyond those connected with gossip or housekeeping. Those written by the Duchess of Gordon are particularly good, containing some interesting criticisms on the books then in vogue. Of the *Imperial Captives*, for instance, she remarks that it exhibits "a strange mixture of prodigious love and penitence for a fault, where the struggle of our frail nature, and the glimmerings of divine grace, appear in a very naturale manner"; and she tells a friend that she is sending her "the *Princess of Cleves*, which you will be charmed with, and where there is admirable examples for all the married ladsys who live in the temptations of this corrupted age." It is evident that the education of the ladies whose letters are given by Captain Dunbar had not been neglected, the ease and correctness with which they express their ideas doing credit to their instructors. The cost of tuition in those days was not by any means extravagant, as appears by a letter informing Lady Thunderton that the services of a governess who could "sow white and colourd seem, dress head-suits, and play on the treble and gambo, viol, virginelles, and manicords" might be retained for "threttie pound and gown and coat," a sum equivalent to less than three pounds of our money. Another document relates to the expense of educating the daughters of an officer who was serving in the Low Countries with Marlborough. Their "current quarter colledge fee" came to about seven shillings only, and the bill for "ther quarterly buird" to two pounds sterling. A family could not have been at that time a very expensive luxury, except in such cases as that of an unfortunate laird of Inshbrok, of whose wife we hear that "she daylie spends, abuses, and waists, the said complainer his substance. . . . makes, blocks, and bargains for merchand weir; sels and hypotheates his household plenishing, insight goods and geir." Such wives, it is to be hoped, were rare; and as most of the ladies made their own dresses, and thought it a luxury to go to an assembly where the tickets cost half a crown, they were not likely to ruin their husbands. Altogether the Morayshire laird seems to have passed through life at a very moderate expense, and when he died his funeral did not cost much. His neighbours would meet to pay the last attention to his respected corpse, though they would seldom be inclined "to weip fourteen dayes weiping and walling for him," to use the words of one of the obituary announcements, and after the ceremony was over they would expect good cheer to be provided for them; but the funeral baked meats would be obtained for a trifle, and grief, however thirsty, could not prove very expensive when "strong old claret" was worth only a shilling a bottle.

We have mentioned some of the most interesting topics of which Captain Dunbar's volume treats, but it refers to others also which are deserving of notice. One of the documents contained in it throws some light on the position of younger brothers of good families in those days, being an agreement by which a son of Sir Ludovic Gordon, Premier Baronet of Scotland, becomes "bound prentise and servant" to an Edinburgh tradesman, "to his art and trade of merchandizing," promising to serve his master "leallie and trulie, night and day, holyday and workday, in all things honest." Another of the papers enables us to ascertain how much liquor the Elgin Town Council found it necessary to consume while getting through their dry official work; a third informs us what was the expense of having a woman publicly flogged, the Elgin Marshal receiving one-and-eightpence "for whipping Jon Youngs woman"; and a fourth narrates the sorrows of an imprudent bailiff who attempted to serve a writ on the other side of the Highland line. There is one also of a very tragic nature, giving an account of the gross superstition of the minister and magistrates of Pittenweem, and of a murder committed by the rabble of that town, and apparently connived at by the authorities. It seems that a blacksmith, named Peter Morton,

accused several old women of having bewitched him. They were thrown into prison by the magistrates, and there they were pinched and pricked with pins, all but starved, and kept many days and nights without sleep, until at last they were forced to confess that they had "engadged in the devill's service," and had stuck pins into an enchanted image of the blacksmith, and had done everything else of which their torturers felt inclined to accuse them. One of the wretched old creatures, Janet Corphar by name, having been sent to the house of Mr. Cowper, the minister of Pittenweem, he handed her over to the tender mercies of the mob, saying that "they might do what they pleased with her." So they tied a rope round her, and "dragged her through the streets and amongst the shoar by the heels." Then they stretched a rope from a ship to the shore, and fastened her to it, swinging her to and fro, and "throwing stones at her from all corners till they were weary." Next, they untied her and flung her on the ground, being "ready in the meantime to receive her with stones and staves, with which they beat her most cruelly." Two of her daughters implored on their knees "to be allowed one word of their mother before she expired," but in vain. The ruffians drove them away, and went on beating the old woman till she died. Then "they called a man with a horse and a sledge, and made him drive over her backward and forward several times." Finally, they dragged away her body to the house of one of her friends, and there left it, after "laying on her belly a door of boards, and on it a great heap of stones." If all Scotch people had been like the inhabitants of Pittenweem, it would have been anything but a pleasure to have had a share in the social life of former days on the other side of the Border.

#### HISTORY OF IDEAS IN FRANCE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

IN 1861, M. Jules Barni was called upon to deliver a course of lectures at the Academy of Geneva, before an audience composed partly of French students. He chose for his subject the eighteenth century in France, considered with reference to the leading ideas, moral and political, which it developed. The volume now before us does not comprehend the entire course of lectures, but only the first part, in which the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, Montesquieu, and Voltaire are reviewed. The preface promises a second volume, devoted to a second cluster of the philosophers—Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Here the special course of lectures ended; but the author states that in his ordinary lectures as a University Professor he has pursued the subject, and brought it down to the French Revolution—i.e. to its natural conclusion; and that, if his readers desire it, it will be easy to give them a sequel to the published volumes. We have little doubt that his readers will desire it; for, if M. Barni frequently invites criticism, it is not on points about which the admirers of his opinions are likely to be fastidious. Given Red-republicanism, M. Barni supports it on the conventional grounds, only with exceptional merits of style and tone. Not one of the philosophers, except perhaps Rousseau, goes quite far enough to please him. It is characteristic that his wrath is invariably directed against reservations, saving clauses, anything that wears the semblance of a compromise; but, on the other hand, one feels that one is listening to an educated man, who has arrived at not very original opinions by the somewhat uncommon process of thinking.

It was natural that the lecturer should refer at the outset to the historical associations of the place where he had received a distinguished welcome:—

Pour mieux répondre à l'honneur qui m'est fait, j'ai cherché le sujet le plus digne du lieu où j'ai à parler; et, en fixant mon choix sur l'histoire des idées morales et politiques au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, j'ai pensé qu'indépendamment de l'intérêt général et de l'utilité qui s'y attachent, ce sujet avait pour vous une saveur toute particulière. Étroitement liée à l'histoire de la Réforme, dont elle a été un des plus ardents foyers au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle, Genève ne l'est pas moins à celle de cette autre rénovation qu'a entreprise le XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle. Des deux plus grands organes de cette révolution sociale, elle a donné l'un au monde, et c'est sur les bords de son beau lac que l'autre est venu chercher la liberté dont il avait besoin pour accomplir sa mission.

Voltaire's own language on arriving at Ferney justifies the terms of the second allusion; but the first is oddly expressed. Of course M. Barni means Calvin, who founded the Academy of Geneva, and spent the most active part of his life there; but we do not exactly see how Geneva can be said to have "given" Calvin "to the world." Calvin was born and educated at Noyon, in Picardy. And to people who have been reading Mr. Lecky's book lately, it will sound rather strange to hear the persecutor of Castellio and the burner of Servetus quoted in connection with Geneva as a seat of tolerance. But we hasten to admit that the graceful prelude to a lecture is not meant to be criticized in this way, and we proceed to the lectures themselves. The first and most obvious remark that suggests itself is, that M. Barni has in some sort yielded to a temptation which easily besets a writer when he takes a pet period to illustrate. One is very apt, in such a case, to bring the features which seem distinctive into exaggerated relief; to overrate the original forces, the moral and intellectual independence of the period chosen; to consider it, in short, too much by itself, and too little as a result of the past. History, observes M. Barni, is of three sorts. Narrative deals with the details of conduct. Philosophical history seeks the springs of conduct in the manners and institutions of a people. The history of ideas mounts a step

\* *Histoire des Idées Morales et Politiques en France au Dix-Huitième Siècle.* Par Jules Barni. Tome I. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1865.



higher. It goes back to the ideas which manners and institutions represent, or to such conceptions, as yet imperfectly realized, as tend to find a permanent embodiment. The history of ideas is by no means the same thing as the history of philosophy. The latter deals with the origin and the fortunes of abstract and scientific theories. The history of ideas is at once more general and more concrete; it is philosophical history reduced to its simplest expression, and occupied with the causes of events in their last analysis. Now, the eighteenth century, according to M. Barni, is, *par excellence*, the century of ideas. It is the age in which the principles of action emerge and disengage themselves most clearly from the particular actions. It is the dawn of moral and political self-consciousness:—

Jusqu'à l'humanité avait vécu sans trop chercher à se rendre compte de ses actes et à remonter aux idées qui devaient la diriger; à cette époque, elle sort comme d'un long sommeil, et elle commence à prendre conscience d'elle-même. Elle substitue alors ou tend à substituer le libre examen à la foi aveugle, la lumière aux ténèbres, la raison à la barbarie.

This picture of human thought startled from the long sleep which dogmatism had troubled but never broken, and suddenly, in the eighteenth century, arising in its glory and its power, is not merely an effective picture, but will bear a somewhat closer examination than such broad bits of colouring generally do. It is quite true that the eighteenth century witnessed the first systematic attempts to place the obligations of morality on an independent basis. Mediæval philosophy, in all its aspects, had been ever the *ancilla theologie*. It is no anachronism to quote Bossuet on this point, for if ever mediævalism was incarnate, it was in the eloquent contemporary of Locke and Bayle. "Pour la doctrine des mœurs," he says, "nous avons cru qu'elle ne devait pas tirer d'une autre source que de l'Écriture et des maximes de l'Évangile." In the great writers of the seventeenth century the theological method of treating morality still asserts itself. Descartes expressly denounces the impertinence of persons not born to the management of affairs presuming to construct a philosophical theory which should have any practical bearing on public or private conduct. And if in Malebranche and Spinoza the theory of morals has a sufficiently large place, its position is remarkable. Just as, with the theologians, morality depended on dogmatic religion, so, with these philosophers, it depends on a metaphysical system. We must go forward nearly a hundred years to find any distinct recognition of the idea that the duties of man to man may be considered independently of the relations of man to the Deity. A leading characteristic of thought in the eighteenth century is the careful vindication of a basis for morals separate and distinct from any religious conceptions whatever. M. Barni quotes a sentence from the Abbé St. Pierre which illustrates this tendency. The Abbé is defending against Voltaire the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and he says that he cannot believe that so penetrating a mind as Voltaire's can have failed to see "combien l'opinion de l'anéantissement de l'esprit humain serait pernicieuse à la société." A well-known story of the good Abbé points in the same direction. He did not like the phrase "Adieu," and proposed to substitute "Paradis aux bien-faisants!" In Montesquieu, morality and religion are closely associated, but expressly for the purpose of giving an additional sanction to the social duties. Take, for instance, this sentence from the Persian Letters:—

En effet, le premier objet d'un homme religieux ne doit-il pas être de plaire à la divinité qui a établi la religion qu'il professe? Mais le moyen le plus sûr pour y parvenir est sans doute d'observer les règles de la société et les devoirs de l'humanité.

Voltaire summed up virtue as consisting in justice and benevolence; and if he departed from Locke in denying an innate idea of justice, it was only because he misunderstood "innate." Locke did not mean to say that we are born with the principles of morality ready developed; and Voltaire would not have denied that their germs are born with us.

The eighteenth century may then, on the whole, take credit for the first general recognition of moral science. It might also be maintained with plausibility that it gave birth to important discoveries in political science. M. Barni dwells with rapture on the cluster of gifted men, the cloud of witnesses, who descended on a benighted age:—

Lorsqu'on voit resplendir ces grands noms les uns à côté des autres, deux choses frappent l'esprit d'étonnement; c'est d'abord le concours même de ces hommes extraordinaires, venus au monde presque à la même heure pour travailler à la même tâche; et c'est ensuite l'admirable puissance et le rôle particulier de chacun d'eux dans ce travail commun.

Contrasted with the spirit of the times which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the political gospel of the philosophers might well seem original. When the Abbé de St. Pierre proposes the reconstruction of Europe on the principle of nationalities, when Montesquieu sets forth his arguments for the separation of powers legislative, executive, and judicial, and when Voltaire treats the relations of Church and State, their views stand out with a fresh and novel splendour. The reign of Louis XIV., followed by the Regency, made an admirable foil for such opinions. But now that we have glanced at the most taking aspect in which the pretensions of the eighteenth century present themselves, we may notice the deductions which are to be made. The point which M. Barni appears to us to have brought out with scarcely sufficient emphasis is that the eighteenth century was not so much a creative age as an age in which interrupted tendencies resumed their activity, and worked onward to a decisive

manifestation. The aspiration towards political liberty had been constantly and necessarily growing throughout Europe, as the ascendancy of theology had declined. The age of the Crusades may be taken as that in which the authority of the Church was at its height. In the religious wars which sprang from the Reformation, we already see what progress had been made in the secularization of politics. Religious sentiment is no longer the absolute motive which determines national action; political ambition has arisen by its side. Then comes the intellectual movement of which Descartes, Montaigne, and Bayle were the leaders. Sceptics each from a different point of view—Descartes as a philosopher, Bayle as a scholar, Montaigne as a man of the world—they impelled rationalism almost simultaneously. The reign of Henri IV. did nothing to arrest the impulse. By the Edict of Nantes, that monarch established the very principle of toleration, of which, a century and a half later, Voltaire was the steadfast and successful champion. M. Barni, in his chapter on the Abbé de St. Pierre's *Projet de Paix Perpétuelle*, gives Henri IV. credit for the first conception of a parliament of nations which should adjust the quarrels of Europe. At any rate the idea seems to belong to that period, for Grotius broaches it, and it has been attributed to Sully. From the tendencies which had prospered under Henri IV., there was a reaction under Louis XIV. And then a monastic tyranny over thought and manners brought on the recoil under the Regency. In the tumult of excesses resulting from unnatural restraint, the whole framework of moral and political creeds went to pieces. The leaders who arose while the face of society was still strewn with the wrecks of every fabric in which man can find security had, indeed, a task of reconstruction to perform, and so far were really creative. But the principles on which they worked were in slight measure original. They were principles which had not been much heard of after the Peace of Westphalia, and which seemed to have perished with the cancelled Edict of Nantes; but it should be remembered that in the eighteenth century their operation does not originate—it recommences. Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau are not founders, but continuators. It is true that the Freethinkers, as they were called, of the seventeenth century shrank from applying their theories to practical reform. Montaigne and Bayle leant towards Conservatism; Charron preached passive obedience. Mr. Lecky, in noticing this fact, accounts for it by the frightful spectacle of perverted patriotism and virulent sectarianism which Europe then showed to thinking men, and which might well deter them from embarking the strife. In the seventeenth century, the French Protestants waged the battle with despotic Catholicism. In the eighteenth century, when the Protestants had become insignificant, the cause devolved on the philosophers.

It is in keeping with M. Barni's conception of the movement in the eighteenth century that he should be perplexed by the arbitrary limitations which occasionally qualify the doctrine of its apostles. Flattering reservations, traces of incompleteness and of indecision, strike him as being strangely out of place in the triumphant gospel, the plenary revelation, declared with sudden and irresistible force by the mouth of the philosophers. From a different point of view, the inconsistencies and shortcomings which surprise and distress M. Barni are surely not without their significance. Do they not remind us that the rationalism of the eighteenth century was no Jonah's gourd, shooting up in a single night, to be found full-grown when the tyranny of one dark reign was overpast? The lights and shadows of two centuries had passed over its silent growth; and precisely because that growth had been normal, and was no miracle wrought for the solution of a crisis, the fierce noon was not destined to see it fade. To take one instance from among many of the imperfections which M. Barni deplores, he blames Montesquieu for speaking of "religious tolerance" instead of "religious liberty."

Il semblerait, d'après cela, que sur la question de la liberté religieuse en général, Montesquieu ait dû reconnaître le vrai principe, et que sa théorie à cet égard ne laisse rien à désirer. Malheureusement elle est loin d'être ce que l'on attend, ce que l'on voudrait qu'elle fût. D'abord ce n'est pas l'expression de *liberté*, mais celle de *tolérance* qu'emploie Montesquieu. Je ne lui fais pas ici une chicane de mot; ces deux mots indiquent des choses bien différentes. Qui dit *liberté*, dit droit; qui dit *tolérance*, dit simplement permission gratuite et révocable.

Even allowing that M. Barni has not unduly insisted on what is invidious in the term "toleration," we would ask him where we are to look in the eighteenth century for completeness of view, for an example of principles fearlessly applied? General rules were constantly stated with the most arbitrary and whimsical exceptions; the old dogmatic habit was sometimes too strong for the new habit of reasoning. A good example is Voltaire's doctrine about torture. His abhorrence of that practice, and the patient hatred with which throughout life he assailed it, are the best and highest associations connected with his name. But he reserved a single case, an isolated instance in the history of man, in which he pronounced torture to have been justifiable. Ravallac, alone among the sons of women, had deserved to be tortured. The human race was concerned in ascertaining who had been his accomplices in the murder of Henri IV.—of that friend to French liberty, that benefactor to Europe and to mankind. To go a little further back, what were Milton's views on tolerance? The famous passage in the *Areopagitica*, where the fate of truth after the apostolic age is compared with the dismemberment of Osiris, and human inquiry with the painful search of Isis, is the most eloquent plea for toleration that the world has heard. But its author made one express exception. The worship of Roman Catholics, he says, is not to be tolerated, for it is idolatrous, and the Old Testament

warrants no terms with idolaters. A rare instance of a man seeing a whole truth which, for the next century and a half, other people were to see only as a half-truth, is to be found in Harrington's view of the rights of conscience. We extract a short passage from the *History of Rationalism* :—

The three principal writers who at this time represented the movement of toleration were Harrington, Milton, and Taylor—the first of whom dealt mainly with its political, and the other two with its theological aspect. Of the three, it must be acknowledged that the politician took by far the most comprehensive view. He perceived very clearly that political liberty cannot subsist where there is not absolute religious liberty, and that religious liberty does not consist simply of toleration, but implies a total abolition of religious disqualifications. In this respect, he alone among his contemporaries anticipated the doctrines of the nineteenth century. "Where civil liberty is entire," he wrote, "it includes liberty of conscience. Where liberty of conscience is entire, it includes civil liberty."

The comparative narrowness of Montesquieu's view ought scarcely to surprise or to disappoint us. It is merely one indication among many that the philosophers of the eighteenth century were not creative but representative men.

A book like M. Barni's, consisting of a series of lectures reprinted as they were delivered, claims special indulgence for certain characteristics of style. We restrain our feelings when we remember that the following sentence was written for a lecture-room :—

Tous, dans ce siècle de la raison, représentent la puissance ou du moins l'effort de la raison, mais sous des aspects différents : Montesquieu, la raison tempérée par le sens historique le plus pénétrant et le plus sagace ; Voltaire, la raison armée de l'esprit le plus vif qui fût jamais, la raison née pour le combat et pour l'action ; Rousseau, la raison animée par le sentiment et colorée par l'imagination ; Turgot, la raison illuminant l'homme d'État ; d'Alembert, la raison mathématique ; Diderot, la raison passionnée, pleine de feu et de fougue.

Now what does all this mean? Might it not be said of any set of human beings that ever lived, that they severally represented reason tempered with something else? Might it not be said that the Fenian "Head Centre" represents reason fired by a desire for a redivision of property, or that Dr. Cumming represents reason coloured by haziness, or that Mr. Whalley represents reason animated by theological monomania? The stuff we have quoted is quite unworthy of M. Barni, who seldom fails to lend the advantages of thoughtful expression to the rather extreme views which his lectures intimate.

#### THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.\*

THIS little book professes to be an account of the history and objects of the Foundling Hospital, by the Secretary of that institution. Like other accounts of institutions by their secretaries, it is of course laudatory, and, equally of course, it contains a certain amount of rather unctuous matter. It does not, however, run so much to texts as most books of the class which may be described indifferently as advertisement run to seed, or as very attenuated history. It is rather like one of those elaborate documents which wine-merchants sometimes circulate with all the external appearance of impartial treatises upon different vintages. The Secretary tells us about Captain Coram and Hogarth and Handel, but he has an evident *arrière pensée*, which we need not further particularize. The eloquence of which he is bound to administer a certain dose does not, however, take quite the common turn of the appeals which lead off with a quotation from Scripture and wind up with soliciting the favour of, &c. &c. It has a certain old-fashioned eighteenth-century ring about it, which harmonizes with the character of the hospital itself. He quotes that "eminent writer" Sterne to put the important question, "Have faults no extenuations? Is there no difference betwixt one propensely going out of the road and continuing there through depravity of will, and a helpless wanderer straying by delusion, and warily treading back her way?"—a question which might have been asked and answered without the shelter of Sterne's authority. Fielding is brought in, speaking in the character of Mr. Allworthy, to prove that many women have become hopelessly abandoned from "being unable to retrieve the first slip." And "the celebrated Dr. Burn, author of *Burn's Justice*," is summoned to assure us that "erring females become desperate and profligate" in consequence of what "at first was a pitiable weakness." The remarks which the excellent Secretary advances on his own responsibility are somewhat in the same strain. "The descent from virtue to vice," he profoundly remarks, "is so easy, that but one step intervenes between them," and often when we think "we are secure, our foot slips and we are involved in all the misery and degradation of sin." All this, and a good deal more to the same purpose, is undeniably true, and indeed we have heard something very like it before. It seems that Mr. Brownlow has got a series of charity sermons on behalf of the hospital into his constitution, and can't help letting out a little of them when he writes. The good, steady-going, unimpeachable platitudes which he advances remind us of the sermons, reproached for "cold morality," and admired for the absence of fanaticism, under which our great-grandfathers used to sleep so comfortably in the luxurious pews of the period. The churches built of homely solid red brick in defiance of architectural vanities, the pews like cushioned cattle-pens, and the steady unexciting theology poured out in a monotonous flow, form a good prosaic whole, upon which the imagination may sometimes dwell with pleasure. The sober drab colouring of those times is a pleasant relief to minds tired by

the more stirring scenes of the present. And it was in such an atmosphere that the Foundling Hospital first began to flourish. The bricks of the dull unimpressive pile are alive at this day to testify of it, and it stands in that quarter of London upon which the impress of the century is most unmistakably stamped. In the neighbourhood of Russell Square the passenger may mentally transport himself a hundred and fifty years backwards with less effort than in any other region of the metropolis.

It is rather curious to observe the cumbrous and solid fashion in which our ancestors started their charitable institutions. At the present time, a man who has lived through twenty-four hours without an application to subscribe to some new charity may say to himself that he has saved a day. New hospitals and new machinery for relieving every kind of evil to which flesh is heir, including the desire of idle people to be occupied in getting something up, rise in every direction like mushrooms. We know the whole course of the proceeding, which has been reduced to a system. We recognise the preliminary flourish of trumpets which announces in the newspapers that some particular variety of destitution has been overlooked, till it has become a disgrace to the nineteenth century. We anticipate the calling together of committees, the agitation of industrious secretaries, the circulars which will soon be flying about with a special physiognomy even to their envelopes, the lists of subscriptions, and the public meeting under the presidency of a distinguished public speaker. We perhaps wonder vaguely how many of the seeds so profusely sown will ever come to bear fruit; but we trouble our heads very slightly about the matter. It was not so in former times. It was as much more solemn a business to get a new hospital fairly under weigh, as it was to start a commercial company in days when commercial companies did not darken the very air. The machinery was slowly put in motion by a ponderous and elaborate apparatus, after some enthusiastic man had devoted his life and fortune to the work. Captain Coram, the originator of the Foundling Hospital, seems to have been an appropriate man for such a task. He was a tough old seafaring man, born in 1668, who lived till 1751, and passed the intervening period principally in throwing out and agitating a variety of schemes which were, at least, of no use to himself. He ended his days as a recipient of charity, making, it seems, the very sensible remark that, as he had not wasted his means upon self-indulgence, he was not ashamed to confess that he was poor in his old age. He settled at one time in Taunton, Massachusetts, and there presented fifty-nine acres of land to the township on condition that it should be used for the purposes of the Church of England, if ever it should come to be established in America. It does not appear whether the Episcopal Church has ever succeeded in getting anything out of the Taunton vestrymen in consequence of this rather speculative piece of charity. He then got up a variety of plans for improving the fisheries of Newfoundland, for encouraging the manufacture of tar, for colonizing Georgia, and for settling "industrious Protestant families" in Nova Scotia. Coming to live in London, he was shocked by the number of children whom he saw exposed in the streets. He got up an agitation which lasted for seventeen years, and for a long time had little success. At last, being "fertile in expedients, he bethought himself of applying to the ladies"—a remark which is sufficient to show the rudimentary state of the science of agitation in those days. By the help of these auxiliaries he succeeded in obtaining a charter. A meeting was held, presided over by the Duke of Bedford. An Act of Parliament was obtained, defining the powers of the Governors. And, at last, after these labours, the hospital was fairly launched, in 1741. Old Coram seems to have had tolerably sensible views as to the difficulty of making the charity really useful. The vague ideas which were then entertained of charity and political economy succeeded, however, in pretty nearly spoiling it at the outset. Children were at first admitted by lot. This was in many ways unsatisfactory, and in 1756 Parliament, by way of remedying the evils, declared that the hospital ought to be enabled to support and educate all the children that should be offered. The consequences of this indiscriminate mode of charity may be imagined. Parishes contrived to pass off their children, often without the consent of the mother, upon this Government sanctuary, to save the burden of their support. The carriage of children to London became a regular trade. One man, it was said in the House of Commons, was coming up with five children in baskets; he happened to get drunk, and lay all night asleep on a common. Next morning three of the children were dead. Fifteen thousand children were received in three years, of whom only 4,400 lived to be apprenticed; and the total expense incurred is stated to have been 500,000*l.* Of more remote evils it is unnecessary to speak. This monstrous system had, of course, to be speedily stopped, even in those pre-Malthusian times; and the hospital was at last put upon a more satisfactory footing. It was the practice, however, until 1801, to receive children without any clue to their parents being given, upon payment of 100*l.*—a plan which led to very obvious evils. At present, we need hardly say that this institution, like most others, is conducted, as its Secretary testifies, on principles which approach as nearly to perfection as the frailty of human nature will allow. At any rate, a careful investigation is said to be made into the circumstances of each case, and care is taken to admit those in which the assistance is really likely to be, on the whole, of service. The principle of a Foundling Hospital is always open to certain obvious objections. The good which it may do depends

\* *The History and Objects of the Foundling Hospital.* By John Brownlow. London: 1865.



entirely upon the discretion with which its rules are administered. The rules, as laid down by the Secretary, seem to be such as are calculated to admit the most deserving cases; and we have no reason to doubt that they are wisely carried out.

The history of a Foundling Hospital ought, according to well-known precedents, to afford some of the raw material of novels; but we cannot discover from Mr. Brownlow that there are any very interesting anecdotes to be told. His one story is about a banker who wished to discover his early history, and who could only find out that he had been handed over to the hospital in a basket, naked. There are a few anecdotes as to the tokens left with the children, and a paragraph as to the difficulty of naming them. In former times, "persons of quality and distinction" used occasionally to act as sponsors, and honoured the children with their names. This practice has been abandoned, because the children, when they grew up, used to claim relationship on the strength of it. "Eminent deceased personages" were then selected, and the children were christened Wickliffe, Huss, Shakspeare, Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, Michael Angelo, William Hogarth, Isaac Walton, and by similar names, until, at length, when their numbers increased faster than the invention of the governors, they were even called "after the creeping things and beasts of the earth." It would be a real cruelty to call a child Worm or Caterpillar, and we are glad to hear that the Treasurer now prepares a suitable list. Judging from the extreme difficulty which besets the gentlemen who name racehorses and ships of war, we should say his task was not a sinecure. The most really curious thing about the Foundling Hospital appears to be its early connection with artists. Hogarth was one of the first governors, and helped it in various characteristic ways. He invented a truly marvellous coat of arms, including "a young child lying naked and exposed, extending its right hand proper; a lamb argent holding in its mouth a sprig of thyme proper, supported on the dexter side by a terminal figure of a woman full of nipples proper; Britannia holding in her right hand a cap argent"; and various other inventions of eighteenth century heraldry. Further, he made a very marvellous heading for a power of attorney, which is something between an orthodox allegory and the picture of Gin Lane. It contains Captain Coram with the charter under his arm, an idealized beadle, an exposed child in a gutter, boys with mathematical instruments, and little girls going in pairs to church. Hogarth, however, conferred considerably greater benefits upon the hospital than this. He presented it with the portrait of Captain Coram, *à propos* of which he asserted himself to be as good a portrait-painter as Vandyke; and with a picture of "Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter," which he doubtless considered equal to Raffaele. He also gave it, what turned out to be more valuable, a certain number of tickets in a lottery for the "March to Finchley." The hospital, luckily, had the winning ticket, and is still in possession of the picture. Hogarth, moreover, induced many other artists to co-operate with him in ornamenting the hospital; and a committee took to dining at the hospital annually on the 5th of November. The dinner became so popular, that in 1757, for example, 154 persons were present, and it seems to have been an anticipation of the present Royal Academy dinner. The pictures contributed by the artists gave, at the same time, the first suggestion from which more modern exhibitions have sprung. The gallery at the hospital became a popular lounge in the time of George II., and was superseded by the annual Exhibition of United Artists, which was itself the precursor of the Royal Academy. It is rather whimsical that the Foundling Hospital should have served to give an impulse to the growth of such a widely different institution; unless we may trace some analogy between the offices which the hospital and the Academy discharge for natural and intellectual progeny respectively.

#### BRITAIN AND HER LANGUAGE.\*

THIS is a small book on a great subject, but surely a man who undertakes to enlighten the world on so great a subject should at least let the world know who he is. A man who sets out to prove that the whole Teutonic race never did anything worth speaking of should surely not remain anonymous, and should not confine himself to the narrow world of Brighton. He reserves the right of translation; so he expects to be translated—no doubt into some grateful Romance or Celtic language; but how can a man get translated, if he persists in shutting himself up in his South-Saxon Gyaros? And, as he does the *Saturday Review* the honour to pick it out as the special champion of Teutonism, let us add that we should be better pleased if we knew who it is whose hand is against us—*ὁ ἐπὶ τοῦ καὶ ὁλεσίου*. Perhaps our Brighton friend will answer that he too is fighting against he knows not whom. But we submit that, having a corporate existence of ten years, we are in a manner somebody, a moral person or body politic, something a good deal less shadowy than an adversary of whom all that can be said is that his book is printed at Brighton. And one word more about ourselves. Even a Teuton, even a Goth, even a mere Saturday Reviewer, is entitled, if he be quoted, to be quoted accurately. The veiled prophet of Brighton abuses his position to put things into our mouth which we certainly never said or thought. Thus we read:—

\* *Britain: her Language and Relations to Europe and the World at large.* For the Use of Clergy, Professors, Literati, &c. Brighton: John Farncombe. 1865.

The *Saturday Review*, a most bigoted pro-Teutonic journal, in a late article on the opinion of foreigners regarding us in Elizabethan times, repudiates most vehemently the name of Briton as applied to the inhabitants of these isles. The writer probably forgets the dictum, "Rule, Britannia," &c. Granted, for a moment, that the name is not ethnologically correct, there is no reason why fresh arrivals should not adopt the cognomen of the country they inhabit. I, however, do not admit that the name is incorrect.

We turn to our own pages, and find what seems the most harmless remark in the world. It is in our number for the twelfth of last August. A Bohemian traveller, or rather his translator, gives a Latin description of the English of Edward the Fourth's time; Mr. Rye, professing to translate the Latin, brings in the word "Briton," which is not in the original. Our comment is:—

Why a "Briton"? There is no such word in the Latin, as far as Mr. Rye quotes it; and if Schassek, or even if his Latin translator, elsewhere calls Englishmen "Britons," it was a fact to be specially noticed, and not to be smuggled in in this way. "Briton," in ordinary speech, then and long after, meant distinctively a Welshman.

Where is our vehemence? Where is the sign of our pro-Teutonic bigotry? Surely, as far as this passage goes, we might be the fiercest of the Cymry, unwilling that the name of "Briton" should be profaned by application to the upstart and intruding Saxon. We repudiate nothing; we express no opinion of our own; we simply state an historical fact, that a certain word was not used in a certain sense at a certain time. Perhaps we are wrong in our fact; perhaps our Brighton friend knows some example of the word "Briton" being used in the sense of "Englishman," or in a sense including Englishmen, as early as the time of Edward the Fourth. That the song of "Rule Britannia" claims any such remote antiquity is as much news to us as the description given of ourselves.

Again:—

The *Saturday Review* (and I merely mention that journal because it is the most prominent and clever of those that advocate a return to the primitive barbarism of our tongue), I say that journal, I think in a late review on the provincialisms introduced into his poems by Tennyson, praises him for so doing; and on one word remarks, that he has done well in reinstating it, though it be of Romance origin.

We cannot exactly construe this sentence according to any grammar, Romance or Teutonic. But, as far as we can make out, we are charged with advocating a return to the primitive barbarism of our tongue, because we say that Mr. Tennyson has done well in reinstating a provincial word of Romance origin. Surely it is hard to be thus banged from pillar to post. The Barbarians drive us to the sea, and the sea drives us back on the Barbarians. We may not speak Teutonic; we may not speak Romance; suppose we are so unhappy that we cannot speak Celtic? We see no alternative but holding our tongue altogether.

We have seen a specimen of our vehemence; now let us try a specimen of our enthusiasm:—

No Gothic idiom forms the plural by the addition of *s*, and if the Saxon did so, it must have borrowed from the French. An enthusiastic writer in the *Saturday Review* wants to add *es* as a plural to the "Saxon" *peas*. *Peas*, let me inform him, is purely Provençal, viz. *Pès*—pronounced as an Irishman does our word. The above writer might as well make the plural of *can* to be *cen*, in lieu of *cans*, because man is so declined.

It is good in these times to find any one who can be enthusiastic about anything, even about the plural of *pease*. And it is comforting to find our words remembered after two years and a half. But we really cannot see our own enthusiasm. What we really said on April the 4th, 1863, was this. We were reviewing Mr. Wedgwood's *Etymological Dictionary*:—

We do not know whether our tyrants the printers have yet abolished the final *e* in *pease*. Mr. Wedgwood says, with great truth,

"*PEAS*, *PEASE*, Lat. *pisum*, W. *pya*, *pease*. *Peas*, in the singular, is a modern corruption, on the supposition that the *se* of *pease* belonged to the plural form. The old plural was *peason*."

Here Mr. Wedgwood states, not a wish, but a fact; we simply say that Mr. Wedgwood's fact is true, and we are immediately charged with an enthusiastic wish. If we showed any enthusiasm, it was not in asking for the *se* which we have not, but in asking to keep the *e* which is still left us. And where did we talk about "Saxon" *peas* or "Saxon" anything else? And how a word which is Latin, Welsh, and French should be "purely Provençal" is quite beyond us. And what has this to do with plurals in *s*? If a man really thinks that "*smithas*, *smiths*," in either its early or its modern shape, is borrowed from the French, he is beyond argument. And what does he make of such Gothic plurals as *Siponjos*, *dagos*, *Judaieis*, *Praufeteis*, *bokarjos*, &c. in the Gospels of Ulfilas?

We do not know whether every idea which our nameless adversary attacks is supposed to be found in the *Saturday Review*; it is certain that many of the objects of his displeasure would displease us as much as they do him. He seems to believe in a sort of organized conspiracy on the part of "the Germans," and of their factots at home, to "Germanize" our language, to fill it with "long Teutonic combinations"—such words, we suppose, as *Reichsangelegenheiten*. This conspiracy, it appears, is favoured by "the highest in the land." We can only say that, if there be such a conspiracy, we are not among the conspirators. If we say that it is better to talk about a "man" than an "individual," we really do not see that "man" is a long Teutonic combination. As for the Germans, they have enough to do at home, to keep their own tongue from going to the dogs. We have seen a man called an "individuum" in a High-Dutch book; all the *frauen* are turned into *damen*; we expect soon to see *mangiren* instead of *essen*, and *dirren* instead of *sagen*. As for

ourselves, we have not the slightest wish to bring in a single German idiom or compound. We can say, with the old Swiss of the fifteenth century, "Lond uns tütsch blyben; die Welsch Zung ist untrü"; but, if so, we must be allowed to put our own sense upon the word *tütsch*. Our adversary runs off with a very common mistake. He cannot conceive any Teutonic tongue or any Teutonic people except the modern High-Germans, and, as he happens to have a silly prejudice against the modern High Germans, he flies off into a rhapsody against all Germans and everything German. No doubt the Germans themselves have talked a great deal of nonsense. He who called Britain "eine deutsche Insel" called it what we altogether deny, in his probable sense of *deutsch*. When we remember that the Low-Dutch forms are palpably older than the High, we feel that he who said that English was broken German would have spoken one degree more truly if he had said that German was broken English. The truth is, what writers of this sort cannot understand, that we have not, and do not wish to have, any special connection with the High-Germans. They are Aryans, they are Teutons; so far they are near of kin to us; but they are not our nearest of kin. Our sympathies are, or ought to be, all Low-Dutch, as low as may be. Our real brethren are the remnant scattered along the coast from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Trave. We are at home when a street-boy of Hamburg, speaking his own tongue, asks us "What o'clock is it?" We are not at home when his high-polite neighbour asks "Wie viel Uhr ist es?" As far as we are concerned, the Brighton prophet is fighting with a shadow. We do not wish to get rid of one really naturalized Romance word. We do not wish to bring in one German idiom or combination. We dislike talking about "thought-life" as much as he does. We dislike talking about "the Anglo-Saxon race" just as much as he does. We really do not see that he need quarrel with us. If there is a German conspiracy, we are as guiltless of it as he is himself.

But our great offence seems to be that we hold it right to call the tongue of Alfred what he himself called it, "English":—

I most emphatically deny that "English," in the modern sense of the word, whether in reference to people, language, or architecture, is applicable to the inhabitants of this isle previous to the Norman Conquest. That it was so applied I will not deny. In Latin the inhabitants are called *Angli*, and the language, *Anglica*; but this probably meant *Anglian* (*A.-S. Anglisc*), in contradistinction to *Saxon*. In like manner, the French (*Francs*) are also termed *Franci*; yet no one in his senses would maintain that the Teutonic Frank is the modern Frenchman, or the Frankish language (*lingua Francica*) the same as the modern Gallic tongue. Yet *lingua Francica* applies equally in Latin to both; and in Latin all, or nearly all, records were kept and written in the period we are speaking of.

For *Anglic* read *Englic*, but never mind. That when Alfred, a Saxon, called his own language *Englisc*, he meant *Anglian* in contradistinction to *Saxon*, is about the greatest absurdity we ever saw. That *lingua Francica* means French is quite new to us; "Gallic," "lingua Gallicana," and the like, are the sort of phrases we are used to. The architectural illustration is almost more wonderful than the philological:—

The instance of architecture in England (also a sign of nationality) will suffice to illustrate my meaning.

We call the early (or old) English style, not the Saxon, not the Norman (which immediately preceded it), but the mixture of the two. This style came into vogue about the same time that the English language was formed—that is, about the time that the Saxon and Norman races were finally blended into one—somewhere in the fourteenth century.

And again:—

The early architecture (as I before stated) was a fusion of Norman and Saxon style, and commenced in the fourteenth century, at the time the people and language were undergoing the same process.

What this means we have simply no idea whatever.

The writer winds up with the old fallacy of counting vocabularies to see whether the Roman element in English is not as great as the Teutonic. It is true enough that, if we take some dictionaries, we find whole pages with hardly a Teutonic word. But what sort of words are they with which the pages are filled? Technical or quasi-technical words of the last hundred years or so—words that would have been as unintelligible to a soldier of William as to a soldier of Harold. Nine out of ten are words that one never uses in common speech or writing. The words which we cannot do without are still Teutonic to the backbone. We put again the old test. We can make hundreds of sentences without one Romance word; can our Brighton friend make a single sentence without one Teutonic word? But perhaps the funniest thing of all is the reason why we are to talk the odd jargon which is gradually elbowing out the true English tongue. The High German, our author tells us, can never be a universal speech, a *volksprache*. But English may, if it cultivates its Romance element; otherwise French will get the start of it. We can only say that we have not the least wish to make our language a *volksprache*, or to displace the natural tongue of any independent nation. And, if this dignity can be compassed only by talking a jargon half French, half English, it would surely be better to talk French altogether. At the same time, what is French? Let our adversary look to his own friends. Probably few people think how very large is the Teutonic infusion in modern French. And, what should be carefully noticed, it includes many of the commonest ideas and objects. To take up Sir Walter Scott's old parable; the corn while it grows is Teutonic *blé* (old French *blei*, English *blade*, German *blatt*); it is only when it is cooked that it becomes the French *pain*. A deer is, indeed, a Romance *cerf*, but to catch a deer, or even to catch a sparrow, you have

to go through the Teutonic process of the *chasse* (*hetzen*). Yet French is a Latin language after all. You may make hundreds of French sentences without any Teutonic word; you cannot make a single French sentence without any Latin word. As Professor Müller says, there is no such thing as a compound language.

One word more. Our adversary affirms that *x* is not a genuine English letter. Where then is Brighton? Is it not in Sussex, in "Sussexnarice"? Surely the denouncer of High Dutchmen would not get rid of the *x* by writing the name of his county *Sudsachsen*.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THOUGHTFUL MINDS.\*

A BOOK of really good aphorisms would perhaps be more useful and welcome in the present than in any former condition of literature. A time when of the making of books there is no end is best of all suited for the reception of these condensed reflections on life. And this is so for two reasons. First, amid the huge masses of writing, short terse general propositions stand out more conspicuously, and are more likely to attract genuine attention, from their contrast with the elaborate and systematic character of the rest. And, in the next place, propositions of this kind, by their very generality and largeness, provoke the mind of the reader to consider the exceptions and modifications with which they ought to be received. In an age of rapid and omnivorous reading, anything which in this way checks the habit of *bolting* the conclusions of thought or information is of the highest value. It is a disappointment to find that Mr. Calvert's *Thoughts* are lacking in this, the most serviceable, quality of the kind of literature to which they belong. They do not suggest limitations, nor cause the student to pause at this point or that, to ponder the extent of the truth which the author has set before him. In this respect they bely their title. The only thought worth the notice of a thoughtful mind is one which sets it thinking. This is scarcely the case with those contained in the present collection. Take the first, for example. "Truth dignifies all men; but falsehood lowers even a beggar." Surely this is a mere truism. No mind could have much pretension to be considered thoughtful to which this was not familiar, and in which it had not taken such deep root as to be held unconsciously. Perhaps Mr. Calvert would say that truths which we hold unconsciously are worth stirring up and exhibiting anew for all that. This is undeniable, but then they should be exhibited in a new form. The aphorism we have quoted does not stir up an accepted truth which we had almost forgotten that we believed. The reader passes it over, simply thinking, "Of course; there is no doubt about that." Mr. Calvert himself tells us that "The worst of sermons have oft the best texts, for it takes a clever man to improve a good one." This we interpret to be a rather roundabout way of saying that, if a thought is very good in itself, nobody should venture to talk about it to the world unless he can put it in a clever and original setting. On the same principle, anybody who repeats an admitted truth ought to repeat it in such a way as to revive interest in it. Otherwise, he is more likely to do harm than good. It can scarcely be maintained that the repetition in a conventional manner of a thoroughly trite truism, such as the statement that truth dignifies all men, even beggars, awakens us to something which we either never knew, or else had forgotten, or only drowsily remembered. It is exceedingly improbable that any one would buy a book of thoughts who did not believe, in theory at least, that truth dignifies men. And if he only held the theory without acting upon it, it is still more improbable that Mr. Calvert's way of putting it would arouse a more earnest passion for truth in his mind. So, when he writes a number of aphorisms, likening truth to God's throne, and "a golden path that leads to the Eden of angels," and "the pavement of heaven," and "the strength of angels' wings," he is not really telling us anything new about truth, nor making us prize it more highly, nor inspiring a "thoughtful mind" with any stronger desire to search after truth. Sayings of this sort may sound like oracular expressions of thoughts, but there is no real thinking about them.

Mr. Calvert has not understood that the only aphoristic book for which a thoughtful mind has any reason to be grateful is one that extends the stock of that worldly wisdom which can only be put into the fragmentary form. But surely the author himself must in candour admit that the world was already well aware that "He who marries a woman for nothing but beauty will soon find how poor is her value;" though the proposition would be less disputable if for "will find" we substitute "may find." A man may marry a woman for her beauty only, and still she may have plenty of other merits. But Mr. Calvert, of course, means that beauty is not the single requisite in a wife. True; only we have heard it a million times before, and the aphorism is merely a pompous expansion of the old proverb that beauty is only skin-deep. If "thoughtful minds" need to be taught anything about beauty, it is the equally useful half-truth that beauty is a very delightful thing in a wife, as in everything else, and is very well worth taking into account in marriage. Beauty, though a physical quality, has profound moral influences. Again, does the thoughtful mind need to be taught that "He is a wise man who discovers his proper forte," or that "The fop is anxious only how to embellish his body, the wise man how to adorn his mind," or that "A quick runner

\* *Thoughts for Thoughtful Minds*. By George Calvert, Author of "Universal Restoration." London: Longmans & Co. 1865.



and a fast spender soon get to an end." We should have fancied that the mind to which these reflections had not already occurred was barely entitled to the character of thoughtfulness. Mr. Calvert says, "You may throw wisdom broadcast, but the wise will be the only reapers"; and on this principle he reasonably expects that the wise only will benefit by the thirteen hundred wise things thrown broadcast in his volume. For instance, "The grave is a cold and hard bed, yet it is a peaceful one." "Precept we hear, but example we feel." "It is glorious for England that our judges are placed above all intimidation, and that our courts of justice stand with doors open to all the world." "When right shall govern might, the millennium will begin." "Unassuming merit is sure to gain the praise and admiration of the good." "Grateful as the gentle breeze in summer, so is the counsel of a true friend." In fact, we have never met a book which contained so many indisputable propositions. Two or three hundred could easily be selected, quite as unquestionably true as the few we have quoted. Nobody can doubt that the grave is cold and hard and peaceful, or that example is better than precept, or even that it is glorious to have open courts of justice. The desirableness of right governing might, and the admiration due to unassuming merit, are equally unobjectionable points. But does Mr. Calvert esteem them particularly worth the attention of thoughtful minds? If the thoughtful mind is encompassed by troubles, the consolation that the grave is peaceful would be quite as likely to suggest itself as to be suggested by an aphorism. Then the repetition in tame English of the old truth, *Longum est iter per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla*, will not be exactly a pregnant or fertile piece of news for the wise reaper. The wise reaper, again, would not find his mental garners much more satisfactorily stored after he had gathered in the sage proposition that "An auctioneer's language and a spendthrift's money are very similar—"Going!" "Going!!" "Gone!!!" And one is at an utter loss to know what can be meant by the account of the "difference between a land-surveyor and a tailor; one measures our body, and the other our dust." Is not this uncommonly like nonsense? It means nothing, and it leads to nothing. Supposing the similarity between the auctioneer's language and the money of the spendthrift established, or the difference between the land-surveyor and the tailor satisfactorily defined, what then? Will it make us more careful of our money, or more careful of our clothes, or more mindful of the approach of death? Or perhaps we may class it with the harmless ejaculations of the old lady in one of Mr. Dickens's novels, to the effect that "there's mile-stones on the Dover road."

As is almost always the case with a man addicted to truisms, Mr. Calvert is also somewhat addicted to falsisms. "Kindness," for example, "has often subdued the ferocity of man, but force and fraud never." Was it kindness by which Pompey suppressed the Cilician pirates, or Julius Caesar crushed the stubborn Gauls, or the English rulers of India subdued the Sepoys? Will kindness subdue garroters? This is simply a piece of sentimental untruth. Again, "He who is not great without wealth will never be great with it." Unless the word "great" is used in some tricky and uncommon sense, this is thoroughly contrary to reason and experience. A thoughtful mind will find a great deal more to think about in Becky Sharp's reflection, how easy it is to be good on five thousand a year. And nothing can be more preposterous than to say that "When the feet of pride walk into a house, it rarely happens otherwise than the same feet in poverty walk out." If this means that the feet will be borne out in poverty when the owner is dead, it is a poor truism, and one which is just as applicable to the humble as to the proud man. If, on the other hand, it means that pride is always ruined, it is a sheer falsism. Are the proudest dukes and millowners the poorest? "A soldier and a thief," we learn, "are alike in one respect; death often comes to both at a short notice." The thoughtful mind will probably reflect that this would run better—"The soldier and all mankind are alike in one respect," &c. Then there is a most vulgar fallacy latent in the aphorism that "Mere book-education never made a man, but it has spoiled many." The first clause is a truism, and the second is a falsism. How can it be said that mere book-education has spoiled many? Besides, mere book-education is an impossibility. The schoolmaster is not the only educator, if we may borrow Mr. Calvert's oracular style. The same utter fallacy underlies the aphorism that, "if human knowledge gave men conscience, the most learned would be the most virtuous as well as the most wise; but is it so?" The aim of all this seems to be simply the disparagement of book-education and human knowledge. We cannot help thinking that if Mr. Calvert knew much about book-education he would scarcely have ventured on the reproduction of such a number of sonorous nothings. Perhaps book-education may be relied upon to keep a man from such an utterance as this:—"He who can believe in Darwin's Progressive Theory ought to have for his coat of arms a polypus on a mushroom, supported by two grinning baboons, with the motto, 'Behold my Progenitors.'" This is by no means the style in which "thoughtful minds" are wont to treat the speculations of impartial and industrious inquirers. If learning does not always give men conscience, neither does the want of it; and a weak scoff of this sort indicates a lack of real truthfulness of mind for which fine things about the pavement of heaven are no compensation. Mr. Darwin is not the only philosopher whom the writer thinks meanly of. "Locke says, 'the mind at first is like a sheet of white paper on which nothing is written'; but he leaves unsaid what it is that writes on the paper: can paper write on itself?"

This is a deliciously apposite sneer at a thinker who said that the experience of the sensations is the road by which ideas first enter the mind. The query whether paper can write on itself would apply much more cogently to Locke's opponents, the champions of innate ideas, than to Locke himself. Yet Mr. Calvert is not narrow-minded, or he would not say that "he who is known to be honest will never have to make an apology for his creed." And one extraordinary preference ought certainly to be made known:—"I would rather sleep with an Atheist than live next door to a brawling religious bigot." This is a matter of taste, after all, and would depend very much upon circumstances. We would not leave our readers without a parting word of wisdom from Mr. Calvert's book. "They who can neither see what is behind nor before, are generally run over." Let all thoughtful minds ponder this.

#### LES VACANCES DE LA COMTESSE.\*

"Le paysan qui s'enivre à souper, le soir de son mariage, n'est peut-être pas aussi fou qu'il en a l'air." This is only the opening sentence of M. About's second chapter, but he might, if he had been so minded, have placed it on his title-page by way of a motto to *Les Vacances de la Comtesse*. In a former novel, *Le Mari Imprévu*, the loves of Gontran de Mably and Valentine Barbot were brought to a happy and unexpected issue; and in this, the second of the series, the author undertakes to draw a picture of French married life. It is in comparison with the system adopted by his hero that M. About hazards the doubt as to the folly of the French peasant. The latter at least recognised his own helplessness. He saw dimly, at this the most solemn moment of his life, that one false step might make all the difference between happiness and misery, and he preferred to trust himself to chance—to the operation of those unknown forces which govern the stupidified man as gravitation decides the course of falling stones, and thus, at all events, to escape the responsibility of his own acts. The Count de Mably chose a different course. He had read almost all the philosophers, the moralists, and the novelists who have treated of marriage. He prided himself on his knowledge of women, and even his passion had always been mixed with a touch of scientific ambition, such as befits a man who plays with a great subject. All the experience which he had gained in ten years, at the sacrifice of time and fortune, was now to be turned to account, in order to secure for his wife a happiness more lasting and more real than falls to the lot of ordinary women. He had observed that the wives whom marriage most bored were those who had been most passionately loved in the honeymoon, and that the women who kept their hold on men the longest were those who husbanded their resources best, and provided for their victims "un interminable *crescendo* de découvertes." Upon these two facts his scheme of action was built. He had little faith in the virtue of women, and less in the influence of religion; "le cœur des femmes, selon lui, n'avait que deux armures contre la séduction—le sommeil et l'amour." The former of these might last for some years after marriage, and to that, therefore, he intended to trust himself at first. The latter was to be called in only when unconsciousness had ceased to be a protection. Thus his policy was to be the exact reverse of that ordinarily pursued by husbands; and, though marrying in 1855, "sa tactique fut d'endormir ou d'étourdir Valentine jusqu'à vers l'âge de trente ans, de se réserver lui-même pour la crise, et de reporter pour ainsi dire la lune de miel à 1862 ou 1863."

Accordingly, the Count de Mably begun to work out his theory from the very moment of his marriage. A man less consistent and as much in love might have conducted himself like a lover at least during the wedding journey, but Gontran "reserved" this for future years, and "le voyage s'accomplit jusqu'au bout dans une intimité tranquille et douce." Once in Paris, he had no difficulty in occupying Valentine's attention. She was pretty, elegant, happy, and fond of her husband, and society "admire avec une bienveillante curiosité la jeunesse d'un cœur neuf et ces gracieuses illusions qu'il a perdues." The results of such a reception were eminently favourable to Gontran's projects. He knew by experience that, whatever people may say, the noisiest pleasures are the most innocent, and he consequently suffered his wife to make full proof of this truth. He had first to make his choice between the old society and the new:—

L'état major des jupes plates et des gants trop longs invita Mme de Mably à ses conférences, ses ventes, ses loteries, ses sermons, ses raouts solennels, ses soirées de tapisserie, ses parties fines de haute dévotion et de charité transcendante. Le clan des crinolines l'attira vers ses bals, ses courses, ses soupers, ses parties de spectacle ou de jeu, ses cavalcades, et ses patinades.

Gontran determined to live on good terms with both, but to visit only the latter. In three weeks all the scruples of the convent which yet lingered in Valentine's mind were weeded out by the all-powerful authority of a husband she loved. She came to accept the world as an infallible judge in matters of conduct, and to regard all pleasures as lawful which the world allows. She learned to display her shoulders without any remnant of provincial prudery, and to wear her dresses as low as the fashion of the day prescribed. Before she had left her convent she had sworn a hundred oaths that but one man in the world should put his arm round her waist, and that she would dance only

\* *Les Vacances de la Comtesse*. Par Edmond About. Londres et Paris: Hachette. 1865.

with her husband; but Gontran soon rescued her from this state of pitiable simplicity, and proved to her the absolute indifference of a touch so public and so commonplace. Under this training her house became, without an effort, one of the most agreeable in Paris, "on fumait au jardin, et l'on riait un peu partout"; and for two winters the Countess de Mably reigned supreme over the whole Faubourg St. Germain.

Those of our readers who wish to trace how M. de Mably found his objects promoted by this discipline must consult *Les Vacances de la Comtesse* for themselves. We can only take up Valentine's history two years later, when she has just been startled by a declaration of love, and has resolved, in the first shock of the subsequent reaction, to seek safety in the religion which she had forgotten since she left her convent. The opportune arrival of an Ultramontane uncle serves to strengthen her determination, as well as to supply her with the means of carrying it out in act. From M. Fadaux

Valentine learned the existence of a new world, altogether separate and distinct from the church, properly so called. M. Fadaux did not know the name of a single curé in Paris. He spoke of the secular clergy as of an inferior element, good enough for catechising the common people, but his highest esteem and his tenderest friendship were reserved for the communities. He made his niece admire the miraculous successes of the regular orders; he showed her the highest names of the French nobility inscribed on the *prie-dieu* in the convent chapels; he affiliated her to certain congregations where she found herself side by side with very great ladies indeed.

The new convert thoroughly enjoys this fresh form of excitement. She finds that, "thanks to the institution of third orders," marriage need not be any barrier to a quasi-monastic life. She signs papers, receives certificates, gets copies of special prayers, "que le commun des martyrs n'avait jamais profanées," wears secret medals disguised as ornaments, and carries mystic rings about with her to balls. The members of this religious freemasonry received her with open arms. All her vanities were tickled in turn by their delicate attentions, none of her merits were suffered to go unperceived, and even in the confessional she found herself appreciated as she had never been before. "Autrefois, lorsqu'elle se confessait au vieux chanoine Parisot, séculier, le bonhomme avait l'air de prendre les péchés de la petite fille et de les jeter dans un panier; aujourd'hui, le religieux qui recevait sa confession semblait recueillir dévotement les légères imperfections de cette âme exquise, et les présenter à Dieu sur un plat de vermeil." M. de Mably makes no attempt to turn the current of his wife's ideas. If he had done so, "his name would have been inscribed in the roll of persecutors, somewhere between Nero and Diocletian, and the pretty neophyte would have dreamed of the martyr's palm." For more than two years, therefore, Valentine remains dead to the world; she "was as much in love with an idea as she would have been with Gontran after her marriage, if he had wished it":—

By a noble condescension to the habits of her husband and the duties of her position she continued to show herself in her friends' drawing-rooms, but her appearance there was as unassuming as possible. Her dresses grew visibly higher, and her beauty was more hidden every day, just as it was becoming most perfect and most attractive. She always danced a little, but a complete suit of armour seemed interposed between her and her partners; they felt themselves furthest from her just when they clasped her most closely. She took a little supper, for form's sake, but often with obvious self-distrust. One Thursday evening, for instance, she threw away the sandwich she had in her hand, and uttered an actual cry of terror. People thought that she had broken a tooth, or tasted something poisonous; nothing of the kind, but it had just struck twelve, and Friday had begun. She wished at one time to give up the theatre, and if she consented to pay an occasional visit to the Opera it was by the express command of her director.

Thus, in a somewhat different way from what he had intended, Gontran has succeeded in keeping his wife occupied, without making too large demands on her affection. Unfortunately, however, he has not made any allowance for the effect of disuse, and the result has been, that though she is not the least in love with any one else, she has grown a little tired of her husband. In this state of mind she pays a visit, one August morning, to an acquaintance, whom she finds just starting for the seaside. The idea of a change takes irresistible hold of Valentine's imagination, and, after an interview with her husband, extremely amusing but too long to quote, it is arranged that she shall join Madame de Lanrose.

Upon this, therefore, follows the holiday which gives a name to the novel, and M. About's picture of the follies of a French watering-place is as amusing as his descriptions of the more business-like follies of Paris. Valentine leaves all her religious dissatisfactions behind her, and goes in heartily for dissipation of a more mundane kind. Her success at Carville was not less marked than her success at Paris. The first morning in the water emancipated her from her friend's patronage:—

Madame de Lanrose swam well, but she swam like all the world. Valentine, to the spectators assembled on the beach, looked like a water nymph. She disported herself after the fashion of the sirens, now reclining on the foaming wave as though it were a pillow, now standing upright with her body half out of the water. Her clinging drapery showed the outline of her limbs divinely; you would have said she was a statue of black marble with a white head. The Romans have left us a few in that style. Chance, or the designs of man, brought it to pass that the lady's maid failed in her duty, and arrived too late to wrap up the bathers as they left the water. Perhaps Bourgalys, or some other amateur, had paid for a sight of Valentine's charms. From that instant Yolande was dethroned, and Valentine mounted to the skies. From the tips of her pretty feet, on which the great toe turned naturally aside, as it does in the old sculptures, to the long hair which the last wave had brought down upon her shoulders, she bade defiance to the most ill-natured criticism; there was nothing for it but to fall on your knees before that admirable form.

This glowing description raises a momentary doubt in the reader's mind whether the French fashion of bathing is, after all, so much more proper than the English. On this point, perhaps M. About himself may be disposed to share our hesitation, since he goes on to moralize as follows:—

It is a long way from the convent at Lyons to the impertinent beach at Carville, but feminine modesty humanizes itself by degrees; and she who has danced through two seasons, and been at five or six fancy balls, has no longer any very exact notion of how much it is permitted, or how much it is forbidden, to display. Carville was more happy in its newspaper than an English watering-place, and in three days all France might have learned that "the Countess M——, born at Lyons, married four years ago to a member of such a club, mistress of a splendid mansion in the *Rue Sainte Dominique*, and president of the charitable society of St. Chr. . . . (but without any more compromising indications) had gained her cause before the bathers of Carville as Phryne before the Areopagus."

Thanks to the indiscretion of these well-informed journalists [adds M. About], everybody may know everything about everybody. At the bathing-place, on the race-course, at fancy balls, at *tableaux vivants*, an eye benevolent but just studies for our benefit the shoulders of Mme. A., the hair of Mme. B., the legs of the beautiful Mme. C. Nor is it only married women who are amenable to this tribunal; young ladies themselves cannot escape from it; and the consequence is that one knows exactly whom one marries, and, to complete our satisfaction, the knowledge is not confined to oneself.

How Valentine fares at Carville we shall not make known to our readers; but if they wish to study a picture of Imperialist society in France which bears considerable marks of sober truth while it absolutely sparkles with epigrams in every line, we recommend them not to rest contented in their ignorance. We can give them advice with more confidence than is usually possible in dealing with French novels, because, though M. About does not write in the least like a cynic, still his way of accepting things as he finds them does not at all obscure his own perception of the worthlessness of the system which he describes.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE fame of Ludwig Uhland\* rests mainly upon his poetical writings, but these represent only a small portion of the intellectual activity of a long and laborious life. So far as this was devoted to politics it was indeed highly honourable to him, but as sterile in practical results as the career of an independent politician almost invariably is in Germany. To a certain extent, his participation in public affairs was even detrimental to his success in other pursuits, since it led to the interruption of the course of lectures on the history of German poetry which he had begun to deliver at the University of Tübingen. By a not uncommon transition, the poet who had more thoroughly than any other imbibed the spirit of the early ballad-epics of Germany had become the most zealous of commentators on this mass of primitive literature. The grammarian absorbed the minstrel, and it only remained to hope that the buoyancy, lucidity, and energy so characteristic of the latter had continued to accompany the former. The posthumous publication of his critical works now enables us to judge how far this hope has been realized. To speak frankly, we do not think that Uhland has approved himself a German Warton. Industry and accuracy we do find, perhaps acuteness, but when a famous poet devotes himself to commenting on other famous poets we look for a good deal more. When such a one offers himself to supplement the toils of diligent plodders, it is presumed that he feels capable of enlivening his subject by his fancy, or embellishing it by his eloquence. Nothing of the sort do we find here, nor any originality of treatment, but simply the sober, comprehensive erudition which might be admirable in England, but is quite a matter of course in Germany. But even when estimated solely from the critical point of view, these writings, so far as they are at present before us, labour under a defect incident to posthumous publications. They are rough and irregular—here too diffuse, there too condensed; while much of what is to come is represented as purely fragmentary. It is not, therefore, surprising that the editors should rely on the veneration universally entertained for Uhland's memory as their justification for publishing the larger part of the manuscripts entrusted to them. Their very candid exposition of the state in which these were left by the author is certainly of a nature to chasten sanguine anticipations, while it will not be denied that the edition must possess some value, if only as a record of the devoted labour undergone by a great poet from patriotic motives. The work is expected to occupy six or seven volumes, the first of which contains part of the lectures delivered at Tübingen on the Nibelungen Lied, the Gudrun, and cognate literature.

The life of Jacob Grimm† has already been described by himself in an autobiography to the singular fascination of which we have rendered justice on a former occasion. Although, however, it was in his power to relate the events of his existence as no one else could have related them, he could not accompany the narrative of his life's work with the encomium it so eminently deserved. This task has been ably performed by Herr Scherer, who, following Grimm's own account of the circumstances of his career, has combined with the biography a just and elegant appreciation of the scope and value of his labours.

A collection of essays by Eduard Zeller‡ contains much that is

\* *Uhlands Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage*. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Jacob Grimm*. Von W. Scherer. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Vorträge und Abhandlungen geschichtlichen Inhalts*. Von Eduard Zeller. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.



valuable and interesting. Zeller is one of the lesser luminaries revolving around that great centre of critical enlightenment, the late F. C. Baur of Tübingen, of whom there is a very good memoir in this volume. Baur's intellect was essentially of a negative cast, preternaturally alive to the slightest indications of inconsistency, unable to recognise the plainest evidences of unity. It is his characteristic merit to have clearly brought out the divergences of doctrine in the Apostolic age, his characteristic error to have made this fact the apology for a most fantastic dislocation of the Apostolic writings. A nicer æsthetic perception would have held the critical faculty in check; a greater versatility of character would have taught him that men do not entertain the same views at all times, nor always express them in precisely the same way. Versatility he had none. He was dry and steady, coldly sagacious, and stubbornly laborious; a fine robust figure, graphically depicted by his admiring disciple. Zeller himself is a man of great learning and talent, the wide range of whose sympathies is here evinced by three excellent essays on personages differing so widely as Marcus Aurelius, Schleiermacher, and Renan. "Greek Monotheism" and "Pythagoras" are also the subjects of two very attractive disquisitions. Wolff's expulsion from Halle, and Fichte's part in the politics of the War of Liberation, are two essays interesting as the exhibition of profound thinkers in contact with practical affairs.

The appearance of a new philosophical system may or may not form an epoch in the history of intellectual research. We therefore notice the publication of a work by Herr Dühring\*, with a preface advancing claims to striking originality. The extreme abstruseness of the subject forbids our offering any opinion as to the degree in which these are well founded.

The second volume of Dr. Geiger's† Lectures on Judaism and its history, takes up the thread at the period of the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple, and the final extinction of the commonwealth by the Romans. The last dying throes of a nation politically extinguished for all time; Bar-Cochba and his last desperate stand; Akiba, the romantic revolutionary hero, and most eminent master of the Law—all pass rapidly before our eye in the first lectures. The development of the Oral Law; Babylonia, and the national striving after independence of Palestine, which pervades this law more and more; and the influence of Judaism upon Islam, form the theme of the following portion. Spain then appears on the scene, and we suddenly emerge from the bloody times of the Gothic rulers to the full light and glory of the times introduced by Abdarrahan. The crowd of illustrious Judæo-Spaniards then bursts upon us. Maimonides and Aben Ezra, and their labours in the realm of theology and science, are somewhat more minutely gone into. A brief glance at the contemporary movements in church and synagogue concludes the present instalment. We are truly sorry not to be able to accord that unqualified praise of "thoroughness" to these lectures which we are glad to bestow upon other productions of this great scholar, however much we may at times differ from his conclusions. Lectures are certainly a snare and a stumbling-block, and Dr. Geiger has, unfortunately, not risen superior to the occasion. Phrases not rarely take the place of philosophical reflection, and, worse still, conjectures, hasty but plausible, do duty for established facts. That the book bears testimony to the author's vasterudition and keen spirit of investigation need not be said, for "even the common talk of the wise is profitable." But we regret his striving after effect and brilliancy—neither of which is apparently within his reach—at the expense of genuine science.

Another gap in our knowledge of Samaritan matters has been filled up by the timely *editio princeps* of Abulfatha's Chronicle, or "Samaritan Annals,"‡ written in Arabic. Hitherto extracts only from the original, and a partial and imperfectly executed translation by Schnurrer, had been given to the learned world, which failed not to draw a certain number of wrong conclusions therefrom. Dr. Vilmar has collated the two MSS. recently acquired by Petermann and Rosen—now in the Berlin Library—with those of Paris and Oxford, which at present form the whole staple of available codices. Whether that MS., most valuable of all, lent by the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews to Professor Lee some fifty years ago and never heard of since, will ever come to light again, is more than doubtful. This "History" of Abulfatha is a clumsy compilation from late Samaritan, Arabic, and Jewish sources, themselves an *olla podrida* of fiction and tradition, and it dates from the fourteenth century. To the national legends of the Samaritan "Book of Joshua" and others of the same calibre, and to haggadistic *fabliaux* such as are found in Josippon ben Gorion—that arch-impostor who managed to palm himself off for many a century as Josephus the historian himself—Abulfatha seems to have added a goodly number of his own, and his work, ostensibly treating of Samaritan and Jewish history, is in the main a conglomeration of the oddest stories that ever sprang even from an Eastern brain. Yet there is a small substratum of truth and genuine history in it which makes it valuable for its own sake, apart from the light thrown incidentally on points connected with Samaritan religion, manners,

and traditions. Of the care and industry bestowed by the editor upon his very difficult task we cannot speak too highly. But we confess to have been somewhat disappointed by the Prolegomena. Not only does Dr. Vilmar refuse to enter into questions the discussion of which, if anywhere, was in its place here, under the plea of their having been discussed "satis," but even in his elucidation of the points arising immediately out of the Chronicle itself we miss a comprehensive acquaintance with what has been done already. The sources quoted are, moreover, almost entirely of the ancient stock-in-trade, and the most important contributions by Geiger, Frankel, and others seem as unknown to the editor as the reports of such eminent eye-witnesses as Grove and others. We also think that Dr. Vilmar, having sat for two years over his author, and having undertaken long and costly journeys on his behalf, has got a little too fond of him. He is apt to overrate him considerably.

The veil that has so long hidden the important period of the reawakening of science by the Arabs and Jews in Spain begins to be lifted up higher and higher. It is vain perhaps to speculate on what might have become of European culture had it been entirely left to the influence of the Romano-Germanic spirit. In any event, we cannot be too thankful for that other stream of cultivation, the Græco-Arabic, which, carrying the traditions of antique lore from Greece and Rome to Byzantium, thence to Syria, and further to Arabia, from Arabia rolled its living waters through Spain over Europe and the whole world. One of the most curious phases in the mental history of humanity is the process by which the barren and hard doctrine of the Koran was undermined by the early sects and brotherhoods within the bosom of Islam. These, orthodox both in theory and practice, yet managed to keep awake the flame of free investigation, thought, and science in their secret unions. One of the foremost of these "sects" was the "Pure Brethren"—an Academy, in modern parlance. In fifty-one essays they treated of all the branches of human knowledge known to them. Six treatises on Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy (with Astrology), Geography, Music, and "Relation" (*Nisbe*) respectively form a "propædæutic" introduction, so to speak, to these all-embracing studies. It is these six treatises which, as best fitted to give us an insight in the mental working and the "stand-point" of the Spanish Arabs of the tenth century, Dr. Dieterici\*, already favourably known on the field of Arabic literature, here presents to us in a literal German translation. A map by the hands of Dr. Kiepert adds not a little to the value of this welcome contribution to Arabic studies.

Another work, treating of the same people in the same country, is by F. Von Schack, the historian of the Spanish drama, and translator of Firdusi. A long stay in Andalusia gave him ample opportunities of mourning over the glorious realm of the Omayyads, and of reflecting on the long recognised but never popularly explained influence of the Spanish Arabs on European culture. Strangely enough, even their political history has, up to within a recent period, been almost entirely unknown. Conde's book, the basis of all academical lectures and historical works on that special period, is neither more nor less than rubbish. Latin chroniclers stood him instead of "translations of Arabic writers," and where a real and genuine Oriental text was at hand he did not know what to do with it, since he did not understand its language. Single individuals are by his skilful operation split into three, infinitives become proper names, people die before they are born, and people who never existed perform the most astounding feats. Dozy was one of the first who, partly by vigorously assisting in the edition of some of the most important Arabic writers of the period, and partly by his own independent investigations, dispelled the darkness that hung over the history of Spain from the eighth to the twelfth century. What he has done for the political side, M. Von Schack intends to do for the poetical side. Profiting by the recent labours of the foremost Arabic scholars, he wishes not merely to give an account of Arabic poetry in Spain and Sicily, but to reproduce a portion of it in a popular German form. In the two introductory essays of the first volume he treats of Arabic poetry in general (travelling over the same ground with Nöldeke), and of that in Spain in particular. These are followed by the selection itself, and some of his freely rendered specimens are certainly most charming both as to form and substance. The second volume speaks of the influence of Arabic poetry on that of Christian Europe; also of Arabic art, chiefly architecture, and of the extinction of Arabic culture in Europe. The book is exceedingly interesting and instructive, though a little too enthusiastic, and if it was the author's aim to popularize a certain remote period, he has certainly succeeded.†

Dr. Henne von Sargans‡ will not improve his position among Egyptologists by his present contribution to their science. For the last thirty years, he complains, he has met with nothing but derision from the learned—a circumstance which he ascribes to their general stupidity, ignorance, idleness, and bigotry. We must leave him and the work before us to the tender mercies of his special brethren of the craft; but for the general reader it may be as well to know that, according to our author, Zoroaster is not a

\* *Natürliche Dialektik. Neue logische Grundlegungen der Wissenschaft und Philosophie.* Von Eugen Dühring. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Judenthum und seine Geschichte.* Abth. 2. Von der Zerstörung des zweiten Tempels bis zum Ende des Zwölften Jahrhunderts, &c. Von Dr. Abraham Geiger. Breslau: Schletter. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Abulfathi Annalen Samaritan.* Editio et Prolegomenis instruxit E. Vilmar. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Die Propædæutik der Araber im zehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Dr. F. Dieterici. Berlin: Mittler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Poesie und Kunst der Araber in Spanien und Sicilien.* Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Manetho. Die Originen unserer Geschichte und Chronologie.* Von Dr. A. Henne von Sargans. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

Persian; that the "Veneti" are the Phœnicians, or *dwarfs flying in the air*; that Welsh, Wallachians, Pelasgians, Beloochees, and a variety of other races, are simply identical; that the Seraphim are the Egyptian Serapis; that Siegfried of the Nibelungen is Thor, Perseus, and Hercules all in one; and that these Nibelungen themselves are the Nephilim of the Bible.

Herr Von Ompteda's\* contributions to German history entirely relate to the occupation of Hanover by the French in 1803. It is not a very interesting or a very edifying story, being the narrative of the calamities brought upon an unoffending people by their casual connection with England, and solely for the sake of mortifying George III. The poor Hanoverians were utterly helpless, and their subjugation was unaccompanied by any incident on which history need care to dwell. The author's father was Minister at the time, and a considerable portion of the details are derived from his correspondence.

Members of the Alpine Club† will learn with satisfaction that their example has aroused the emulation of the Swiss, and that the achievements of the native pedestrians afford matter for an annual of very respectable dimensions. Alpine climbing is a science in itself, and, like other sciences, intelligible only to the initiated. We may remark that the Swiss annual appears to contain more scientific information than the English. It is accompanied by an atlas, containing four panoramic views and two maps.

A collection of "Culturbilder";† relates entirely to the art and religion of ancient Greece. They are refined, scholarly lectures, intended for a miscellaneous audience.

The high mission of the *vates sacer* has seldom been more effectually illustrated than by the fate of that portion of Grecian history which intervenes between the battle of Plataea and the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war.‡ More brilliant in some respects than any other epoch, fertile in such romantic episodes as the expedition to Egypt and the banishment of Themistocles, comprehending the progress of the plastic and dramatic arts to their ultimate perfection, and successively dominated by the great figures of Cimon and Pericles, it has yet remained comparatively obscure and confused for want of an historian. We can never reproduce the living picture of the time that Herodotus or Thucydides would have given, but there is ample room for a critical endeavour to clear up difficulties and remove contradictions. The first section of Dr. Oncken's erudite inquiry contains an attempt to restore the biography of Cimon. In the second, he investigates the reform in the constitution of the Areopagus effected by Ephialtes, under the auspices of Pericles, and endeavours to refute the prevalent opinion that the Eumenides of Æschylus were composed with reference to it. In his second volume he will find himself on firmer ground, as it is to contain essays on Pericles and Cleon.

Dr. Valentin§ expounds the myths of the descent of Orpheus and Hercules to the shades by the aid of three antique vases. His essay is equally conclusive as to the attractiveness of researches of this nature, their difficulty, the scope they afford for ingenious conjecture, and the length to which they are liable to extend.

The poetical vigour of many of the Latin hymns of the mediæval Church must be admitted by those who are least able to accept them as adequate expressions of the religious sentiment. Dr. Königsfeld's collection¶ contains some hardly worth republication, but the majority are really fine, although the most celebrated had been comprised in a volume published by him some years since. The accompanying translation is, in general, both close and spirited.

Herr Ferdinand Naumann\*\* observes with regret that the Nibelungen Lied, though emphatically the national epic, has never yet become fairly domesticated among the Germans. Considering that this may be accounted for by the comparative clumsiness of the original form, he has converted the cumbrous epic into a series of ballad romances. It seems to us that under his treatment the Nibelungen is the Nibelungen no longer. But he is a true poet, and if the Homeric majesty of the old epics has disappeared in his hands, his Scott-like cantos are full of fire. Danish scholars will remark a strong affinity between his style and that of Oehlenschläger's *Gods of the North*, which we suspect has been his model. The volume is introduced by a disquisition on the origin of the poem, which he believes to have been the work of a single writer, and to have been composed about 1200.

A selection of the best German ballads†† is judiciously compiled, and possesses every qualification for a gift-book, as far as paper, print, and binding are concerned. The abundant illustra-

tions are often forcible and imaginative, but are all executed in the harsh, rough style peculiar to German woodcuts.

*Lemberger und Sohn*, by Alfred Meissner, is a novel by no means destitute of literary merit, and interesting for its minute delineation of the manners of the Bohemian Jews. The interest, however, scarcely extends to the characters or plot. The ordinary aspect of life among the class referred to is very prosaic, and to this the author has principally confined himself.

\* *Lemberger und Sohn. Eine Prager Judengeschichte.* Von Alfred Meissner. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

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**MRS. MACREADY, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street,** St. James's, on Saturday Morning, November 18, at Three o'clock, with a New and Brilliant Programme for the occasion.—Tickets and Reserved Seats to be procured at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 38 Old Bond Street; also at the other Libraries and Musicellers.

**STODARE.—TWO HUNDRED and THIRTY-EIGHT REPRESENTATION.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—MARVELS in MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM.**—Great Sensation created by the SPHYNX, a Mystery; the Instantaneous Growth of Flower-trees, and the Real Indian Basket Trick, as only performed by Colonel STODARE. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturday at Three. Stalls at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.—"Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 18, 1865.

**SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS will OPEN on Monday, November 27, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1s.**

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

**WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Thirteenth Annual WINTER EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of British Artists, is now OPEN at the French Gallery, 130 Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.**

LEON LEFEVRE, Secretary.

**WINTER EXHIBITION, under the Superintendence of Mr. WALLIS, removed from the French Gallery to the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, is now OPEN from Nine until Five o'clock daily.—Admission, 1s.**

**CHRIST'S COLLEGE, FINCHLEY, N.**

Five Miles from the Regent's Park.

Warden.—Rev. T. R. WHITE, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge; Rector of Finchley.

Scholar.—Rev. T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.

There is a Large Staff of Resident Masters, principally Graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. French and German are taught by Resident Foreign Masters. Pupils are prepared in the Upper School for the Universities, and for the Woolwich, Sandhurst, and all other Competitive Examinations. There is a Modern Department, in which attention is chiefly given to the ordinary subjects of an English Education, and to Modern Languages. The Buildings are large and convenient, with excellent playgrounds attached. There are Four Scholarships at £50 a year each, tenable at and only to the Pupils of the School.

The Year is divided into Three Terms, commencing about January 30th, April 15th, and September 15th.

Fees, payable in advance, 15 Guineas per Term. Medical Attendance, 10s. 6d. per Term. Play-Urns, 7s. per Term. The only Extras are Books, Stationery, Instrumental Music, and actual Disbursements.

Applications to be made to the Rev. T. R. WHITE, Rector, Finchley, N.

**MALVERN COLLEGE.—THE VACATION** will begin on Wednesday, December 30, and the SCHOOL will re-assemble for the following Term on Wednesday, January 24. For information apply to the Rev. A. W. FARR, M.A., Head-Master; to the Rev. CHARLES McDONALD, M.A., and the Rev. E. B. DAWK, M.A., Bursar; to the Rev. T. PRYOR, Vicar of Eastbourne; the Rev. B. W. FISKE, Eastbourne; or CHARLES C. HAYMAN, Esq., M.D., Eastbourne.

**PROPOSED EASTBOURNE PROPRIETARY COLLEGE,** for the Education of the Sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen.—Prospectuses of this Undertaking may be obtained from J. H. CLARKE, Esq., Solicitor, Eastbourne; the Rev. T. PRYOR, Vicar of Eastbourne; the Rev. B. W. FISKE, Eastbourne; or CHARLES C. HAYMAN, Esq., M.D., Eastbourne.

\* *Zur Deutschen Geschichte in dem Jahrzehnt vor den Befreiungskriegen.* Von F. von Ompteda. Bd. 1. Hannover: Helwing. London: Asher & Co.

† *Jahrbuch des Schweizer Alpenclubs.* Jahrgang 2. Bern: Expedition des Jahrbuchs. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Culturbilder aus Griechenlands Religion und Kunst. Populäre Vorträge.* Von A. Baumeister. Mainz: Kunze. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Athen und Hellas. Forschungen zur Nationalen und Politischen Geschichte der alten Griechen.* Von Dr. W. Oncken. Th. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Orpheus und Hercules in der Unterwelt. Ein antikes Bild, nach drei Vasengemälden bearbeitet.* Von Dr. Veit Valentin. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Latinitische Hymnen und Gesänge aus dem Mittelalter.* Deutsch von Dr. G. A. Königsfeld. Neue Sammlung. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Das Nibelungen Lied in Romanzen.* Von F. Naumann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Balladenkranz aus Deutschen Dichtern gesammelt.* Von Dr. Gustav Wendt. Mit Illustrationen. Berlin: Grote. London: Asher & Co.